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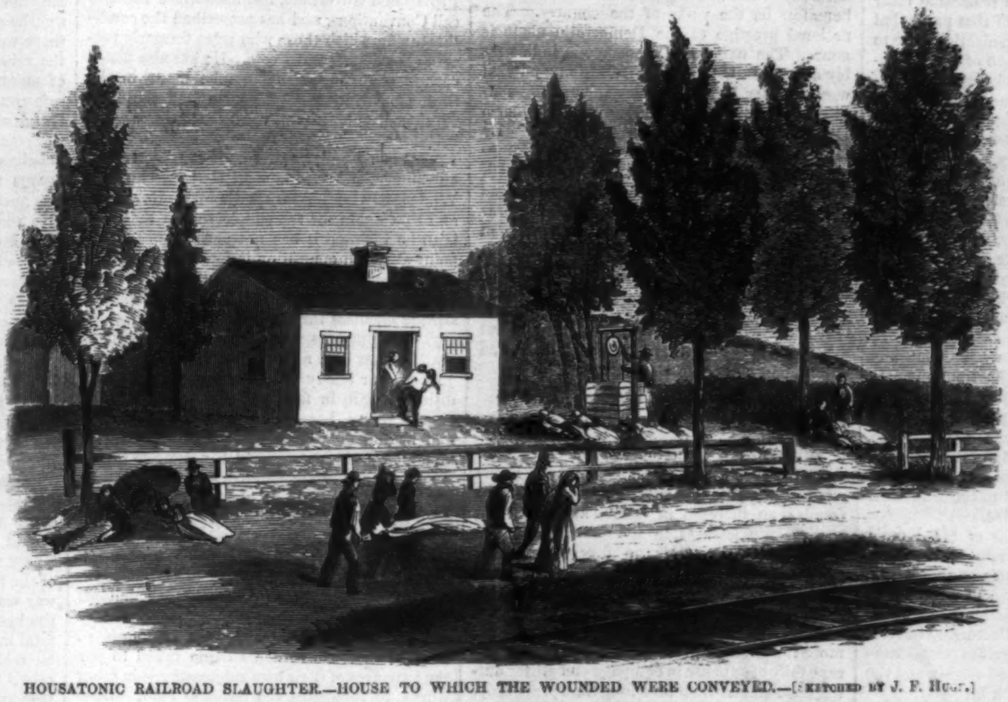
THE HOUSATONIC RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.

Again we have to record a railroad accident, involving the wholesale slaughter of passengers, and caused by the carelessness of the railroad officers.

On the 14th of August the passenger train of the Housatonic Railroad left Bridgeport about fifteen minutes after 10 o'clock, a little behind time. An extra freight train had been sent out in the morning. This latter train broke down, and was overtaken by the passenger train about six miles from Bridgeport. The passenger train was backed down slowly. The conductor, H. L. Plumb, went to the rear end of the train, and, standing on the platform, saw an engine approaching and within ten rods of the train. Pulling the bell for the engineer to stop, Plumb and the President, Mr. Hunt, who was with him, jumped from the train, and had scarcely got off before the collision. The car struck by the engine was nearly annihilated. It was full, having forty or forty-five passengers on board. The conductor went round, and went in at the front-door of the rear car, but found the heat so intense that he could not remain. The engine had penetrated to about the centre of the car, and the escape of steam was so great as to suffocate and scald many of the unfortunate passengers.

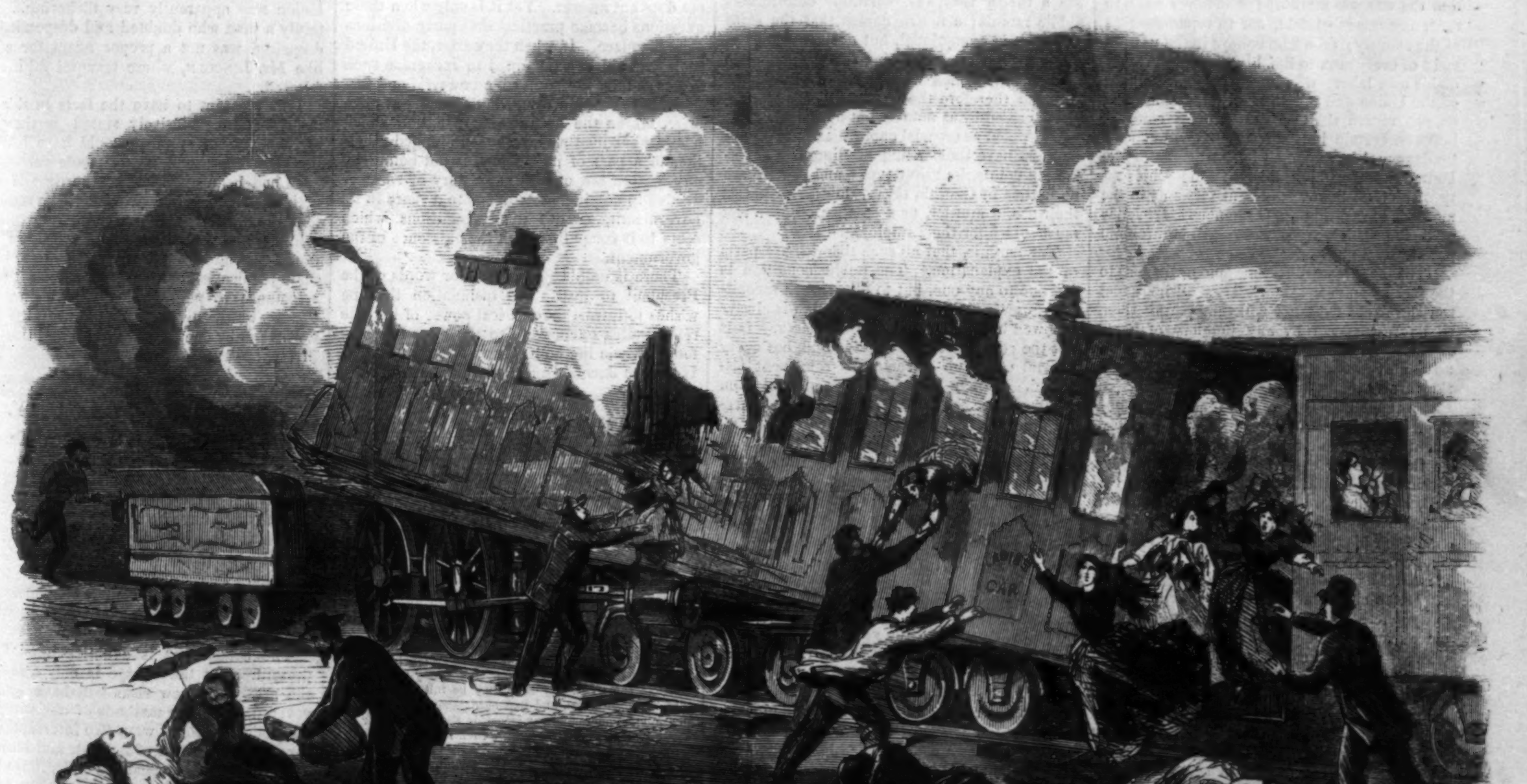


HOUSATONIC RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.—HOUSE TO WHICH THE WOUNDED WERE CONVEYED.—[Sketched by J. F. Hugh.]

By this accident five persons were killed outright, and some others died soon after. One of these was a little boy ten years old, who was on his way home from a visit, having been recalled by his mother's death. Another—an old lady of 71—had just been visiting her son. Over twenty passengers were wounded more or less seriously. The regulations of the road in regard to the use of red flags were not complied with, and hence the accident. Is it not worth while to save half a score of lives by taking the simplest precautions laid down for such case, even if it does require a little painstaking on the part of railroad officers?

CANNIBALS IN HAYTI.

We print on page 557 an illustration of the execution in Hayti of several cannibals—an event which took place last year. Mr. Redpath, in an interesting article which we publish this week on the Revolution in Hayti, speaks of the barbarous character of Soulouque and his followers of to-day. As an instance of this inherent barbarity, it is sufficient to state the fact that when Soulouque ascended the throne he accorded protection to that most monstrous and unnatural sect of superstitious fanatics known as the devotees of Vaudoux, or Snake-worshipers. One of the rites of their religion is that of human sacrifice. Toussaint, Dessalines, and later Petion and Boyer, opposed this sect. Soulouque was as superstitious as he was cruel, and believed that he had gained his empire by the aid of the snake. After his expulsion the sect was prudently suppressed. But last year it gave a most bloody token of its existence. The devotees began their horrid festival by an act of cannibalism. The monsters, after having stuffed and devoured one unfortunate child, were about to gormandize upon a second victim when justice overtook them. As an example several of the cannibals were executed, February 7, 1864.



COLLISION ON THE HOUSATONIC RAILROAD, NEAR BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, August 14, 1865.
[Sketched by J. F. Hugh.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 2, 1865.

THE COLLECTOR OF NEW YORK.

The appointment of Preston King as Collector of the port of New York, which is one of the most politically significant national appointments in the State, shows that President Johnson has no intention of separating his administration from the great national Union party which nominated and elected him. As we remarked some time ago, Mr. King was one of the most strenuous and persistent supporters of Mr. Johnson in the Baltimore Convention; and since Mr. Johnson's accession to the Presidency he has had no more faithful as he could have had no more patriotic counselor than Preston King.

Mr. King in the old distribution of parties was a Democrat. But when it became clear to sagacious and honest men of that party that its name and prestige and organization were to be prostituted to the destruction of the Democratic principle by an alliance between the advocates of State sovereignty and slavery on the one hand, and Northern spoilsmen on the other, Preston King followed the Democratic principle out of the Democratic party, and by his profound conviction, his honesty of character, and political experience and sagacity, became a leader in the organization which, under another name than that of his old party, maintained the Democratic American principle of equal rights. For the present overwhelming triumph of true national ideas no man has worked more assiduously and unweariedly than he. Among the many true and good he richly deserves the national gratitude. Mild and urbane, but unwavering, his voice and vote, his time and talents, have been consecrated to the task of withstanding that spirit of caste, exclusiveness, sectionalism, and aristocracy, which, under the name of Democracy, has long striven to demoralize the national conscience, and which, by the grace of God and the will of the American people, has been thus far baffled.

What the special influences of Mr. King's appointment were we do not know. That it indicates the ascendency of this or that politician is a mere speculation. The important point is, that his elevation to so marked a political position—for such the collectorship of New York unquestionably is—signifies the President's approval of his views and course, and the harmony of the President with his party.

This party, composed of the great body of unswerving Union men—men who never doubted the justice of the war; who never believed, with the supporters of the Chicago nominations, that the war was a failure; who never mean to recognize the rebel debt, nor to repudiate that of the country; men who believe in the natural right of every man to life, liberty, and the fruits of his own labor; who hold to the sovereignty of the Union and not of the States; and who do not regard the Constitution as a contract between certain independent States, but as a fundamental law adopted by the people of the United States, establishing a nation;—this party will naturally have different views as to the methods of securing the permanent ascendency of their principles. But they will still remain practically a unit.

Thus there is no difference among them as to the fact of emancipation. They all hold that the slaves are free, nor will they permit them to be re-enslaved by any jugglery of State action. What the United States have done, no single State will be suffered to undo. Again they are virtually unanimous in the conviction that a republican government is justly founded upon the consent of the governed, and, consequently, that the electoral qualification should be the same for every citizen. Arbitrary exclusion from political power they oppose as unjust, and therefore dangerous. The color of the skin they believe should no more debar a man from his political rights than the color of his hair. An American citizen of African descent has exactly the same political rights as an American citizen of European descent. As a party, therefore, although with many individual exceptions, they are undoubtedly in favor of what is called colored suffrage. But they differ as to the immediate necessity and the practical methods of giving the franchise to the colored citizens of the late rebel States; while they are probably agreed that it would be best if it were given by the white citizens of those States. They differ, too, in certain theories as to the present exact condition of the unorganized States.

There is, therefore, no serious practical difference in the great Union party. And the President, whom they elected, manifests no serious difference with them. The expectation of the supporters of Mr. Pendleton and the Chicago platform that they can manipulate Mr. Johnson to their purposes is a delusion. If upon the policy of the admission of Southern representatives to Congress the Union party should divide, one part of it will go with the President; and if the Chicago party—which is merely the remains of the old Southern party—choose to unite with them they will do so; but in that case they will go to the President, he will not come to them. Whether it be desirable for the best interests of the country that the administration should confide itself to such a coalition rather than to the party welded together by common conviction and co-operation during the war, and which is now the vast majority of the country, is not a question. Those who hold to the separate sovereignty of the States—who repudiate equal rights by justifying local majorities in destroying them, as Mr. Douglas did—who secretly justify the rebellion, and are willing to pay the rebel debt or repudiate our own, by way of brotherly kindness and conciliation, can form no enduring alliance with those who elected Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson. Parties ultimately spring from real differences. Liberal and Tory are not the names of a policy merely, but of a principle, which controls policy.

We regard the appointment of Mr. King, therefore, as a good omen of the continued harmony of the Union party, which is and must hereafter be the party of the country. The national prestige of the Democratic name is gone. The name of Democracy is indissolubly associated with treason, rebellion, and civil war. Under Democratic ascendency the conspiracy was conceived and matured. Under a Democratic Administration it ripened. By Democratic chiefs it was directed. By Democratic politicians it was defended and excused. By a Democratic Convention it was declared triumphant. By Democratic organs and orators, as far as they dare, the theories from which the rebellion sprung are still justified. The Democratic party has forced its best men from its ranks. It has prostituted a noble name to the basest purpose. At some time that name may become again respectable, but for the present the American people have had quite enough of "the Democracy."

PUBLIC MORALS.

The reaction from the tension of the war shows itself in a certain public frenzy. Enormous speculations, losses, and consequent frauds; an increase of crime, a curious and tragical recklessness in the management of railroads and steamers; a fury of extravagance at public watering-places, are all observable in these first months of peace. There has been a more fearful and careless slaughter of travelers, more losses of money by frauds, more instances of gross crimes, and a more insane folly of expense in equipage and glitter during this summer than for a long time previously.

One critic explains this public condition by the vast issues of paper-money creating fictitious wealth; another lays it to the rapid and wonderful development of Petroleum; a third has a theory that war inevitably deteriorates public morals; a fourth denies that the state of things is exceptional, but declares that the thirst for excitement during the war demands now to be satisfied with startling sensations, and that therefore the events which were formerly passed by as notable but not peculiar are now paraded as especial enormities. The public must have its startling headings, its exclamation points, its heavy type; and if there are no battles in Georgia or Virginia to authorize their use, a murder, or a defalcation, or a riot must suffice for their employment.

The truth is, that all such theories are parts of the explanation. The public condition is not due to any one, but to all, of such secondary causes. A great civil commotion is always followed by a deranged state of society. It is not the currency only that is inflated, but every normal condition of society is somewhat distorted. Things have lost their just relation. Military force has supplanted the slower, peaceful process of law, and men have become familiar with sudden and astounding results. Huge fortunes rapidly amassed from lucky contracts; vast sales of property which the occasion and not the essential worth makes valuable; the fever of mind produced by the intense and constant strain upon an absorbing interest—these influence the whole tone of society, and reveal their effect in such phenomena as we behold.

But such phenomena are mainly local, and are most frequent at the great centres of population. In a strictly centralized country they may become, in their extent, very dangerous. But with us they will be corrected by the sturdy good sense of that vast rural population which includes the great bulk of American citizens, and which has a healthful and half-contemptuous estimate of the city. The power of cities, as it is understood in history and in other countries, is quite unknown here. A revolution in Paris overturns France. A revolution in New York would be merely a nuisance to the neighbors.

It is dangerous, therefore, to generalize too broadly. A reaction from the peculiar excitement of the war was inevitable. It is showing itself in many ways; but they are transitory, while the steady purpose of the people is plain. The war is itself the great proof of the moral force of the nation. That might have been justly doubted ten years or even five years ago. But it is indisputable now.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

There is a great deal said about the President's policy of reconstruction; and in some quarters there is a very liberal and ludicrous denunciation of those who oppose it. One paper especially, which was very anxious in the early spring of 1861 that the Montgomery Constitution should be accepted by the loyal citizens of the country, now lustily exhorts the President to strike out right and left and crush Jacobins and disorganizers, and all who withstand his policy. Who these terrible Jacobin fellows are, neither the virtuous patriot who calls for their destruction nor any body else knows. Neither do they know the President's policy. And that for the very simple reason that it is not, and can not be, determined. It must, from the necessity of the case, depend upon circumstances.

The President has announced that in his opinion no State has seceded, but that every one which attempted secession is now to be reorganized. For that purpose he has named Provisional Governors, has authorized them to call Conventions, and has prescribed the conditions upon which those who were formerly voters in those States may vote. He has also stated certain changes which must be made in the State Constitutions, and has invited the Conventions to submit their work to Congress when it is done.

This is his policy as far as it can be at present known, either to himself or to any one else. Who resists it? Who opposes it? Nobody—and that again for the simple reason that if it is to be opposed it has not yet advanced to a point at which opposition is practicable. It is thus far preliminary, experimental.

Suppose, now, that the Convention of Mississippi cleanses the State Constitution of slavery, but provides that the colored freemen shall neither bear arms, nor testify in courts of justice, nor marry except under peculiar conditions—shall, in fact, while they cease to be chattel slaves, become a purely pariah class—and having done this, the Convention should appoint an election at which notorious secessionists like Howell Cobb or Wade Hampton, or their tools, should be elected to Congress—does the President's policy require the necessary assent of the United States to these performances?

If the elections in the late rebel States should result in the manner that we have supposed, and such representatives should be received by Congress, their effort would be, of course, to prevent their constituents being taxed to pay the expenses of their own subjugation—in other words, to repudiate the national debt. Does the President's policy require that the national credit shall be endangered?

These are questions that the most truculent rhodomontade about Jacobins and disorganizers does not answer. Yet it is only when these questions become practical that party divisions can take place. If, when they arise, the United States should be summoned to recognize such States as fully reorganized, a powerful and formidable opposition would undoubtedly at once arise, taking the ground that a nation which has just subdued a fierce and prolonged rebellion of a part of its citizens, is not bound by any written law or abstract theory of right or justice to admit those citizens to a share in its government, except upon conditions which seem to it compatible with the existence of the government.

There is nothing in the acts or words of the President to justify the insinuation that he wishes to intrust the political power of the late rebel States exclusively to the class to which for his whole life he has been bitterly opposed. If that be Jacobinism—make the most of it.

TREATMENT OF THE PATIENT.

A writer in the *Evening Post*, in reply to our quotation from its columns to the effect that the late rebels are not well-affected to the National Government, and our consequent conclusion that it would therefore be necessary for the country to be careful in prescribing the terms of reorganization, says:

> "We are republicans; we believe that men are capable of governing themselves; that, inside of a direct and violent resistance of the Government, they have a right to think as they please and act as they please; and that so long as they do not pass the limits of order nobody ought to interfere with their freedom. They may be wrong in many of their notions; they may be full of prejudices, conceits, absurdities, and nonsense; they may commit a thousand blunders and run smack in the face of their own best interests. Well, we deplore their folly and ignorance, but we leave them to themselves to learn better. We say, give them plenty of free fresh air; put them upon their own responsibilities; let them exercise their own limbs and minds; let them learn to choose between right and wrong from the results of their own experience; and this insane, unwholesome condition of things will soon give place to the most vigorous health, to the most rational powers of understanding."

This the writer declares to be the "optimism" upon which all our institutions are founded.

It is true. Upon the principle that men are capable of governing themselves our Government is established.

But how does this truth bear upon the question of reorganization? Does the writer mean that, as the rebels have ceased from "a direct and violent resistance of the Government," the people of the United States are bound immediately to relax their hold upon the disaffected States until they shall again "pass the limits of order?" If he means this, will he permit us to remark, in a friendly spirit, that he indulges in "prejudice, conceit, absurdity, and nonsense?" If he does not mean this, will he allow us to say that he agrees with us that the whole people should continue their direct control of those States until they are convinced that the public safety is assured?

THE TRUTH OF THE NIAGARA PEACE MUDDLE.

The publication in Mr. Raymond's Life of Lincoln of the President's correspondence with Mr. Greeley at the time of the Niagara peace muddle of last year entirely clears any obscurity which rested upon Mr. Lincoln's action.

The facts are simply these: Mr. Greeley heard that Clay, Sanders, and Co. were at Niagara, and were empowered to negotiate. He informed the President, and urged him to see the agents. The President replied that, if there were any persons authorized to speak for the rebel authorities for peace upon the basis of union and emancipation, they should have safe-conduct to and from Washington. Mr. Greeley, whose heart had died within him at the contemplation of what seemed to him the hopeless peril of the country, wrote to the agents that if they did wish to negotiate, he was authorized to say that the President would give them a safe-conduct to Washington; but he did not mention the conditions absolutely imposed by Mr. Lincoln. Of course, when the agents afterward discovered that there were conditions which had not previously been named, they accused the President of duplicity, and Mr. Greeley did not defend him.

The difficulty arose from the fact that Mr. Greeley concealed the conditions which the President demanded, and consequently put both parties at cross purposes.

His explanation does not change the facts. If he thought, as he undoubtedly did, that no precedent conditions should be prescribed, he should have tried to persuade the President to agree with him. If he could not do so, he should have refused to act as an agent. Mr. Greeley, by his own account, was very much of the mind of the Chicago Convention, that the war was a failure, and that we should beg for the best terms we could get. Indeed from the fatal moment in the early winter of 1860, when he said what was at once interpreted by the rebels to be a justification of the right of secession upon the principles of the revolution, down to his obsequious description of Clay, Thompson, and Sanders, as "distinguished Americans of the other party to our civil war," Mr. Greeley's faith in the final triumph of the Union was apparently very flickering. Certainly a man who doubted and desponded and despaired was not a proper agent for a man like Mr. Lincoln, whose tranquil faith never faltered.

It is pleasant to have the facts in this case clearly and conclusively stated as they now are. That the country would have been relieved and gratified if the whole correspondence had been published at the time is undeniable. Nobody had ever so little reason to fear the fullest publicity for all he wrote and said as Mr. Lincoln. And we have little doubt that he would have preferred the immediate publication of all the facts, except for his reluctance to pain and possibly depress the country by the disheartening view of the situation taken by one so well known and trusted as Mr. Greeley.

ALL WRONG, DE SAUTY.

The Atlantic cable is broken, and the great experiment pauses again for some years. That it will be finally relinquished is no more probable than that the attempt at ocean steam navigation would have been abandoned had all the earlier voyages failed. It must be tried under new auspices, doubtless, and with fresh prestige. That a new company will be formed and a new route selected is possible. Perhaps a line to the western islands will be adopted.

The catastrophe is doubtless final for the present. Yet the voyage is only a lesson in the art. The new risks will have been discovered, and new methods of obviating them will follow. There were two interruptions before that of the 1st of August, and both were remedied. The mechanical difficulties will undoubtedly be surmounted, and they are the chief. The fact that an electric current can pass along a submerged cable of 1200 miles is prima facie evidence that it will not be disturbed by a distance of two thousand or more. The texture of the wire and the casing, the details of coiling and paying out and of shore connections, the calculation of strains and avoidance of friction, these are the serious practical questions—and these will be satisfactorily answered.

But poor De Sauty! We almost fear to hear that he has hanged himself with the obdurate cable. Or we can imagine him bending over the lofty stern of the *Great Eastern* gazing down forever into the ocean toward which his thinned and whitening hair hastens. When the signals ceased at Valentia, and only a succession of vague and confused shocks were detected, growing fainter and fainter until they wholly ceased, that very expiring indistinctness was the most emphatic message. The accomplished Fine Ear who presided at that end doubtless bent breathlessly over. Profound silence fell upon the appalled attendants. The hush of the midsummer noon grew ghostly around them. They watched their chief intently as he listened to the dying click; and as the final and all but imperceptible sound ceased, they saw a phantom light in his eyes as he turned and whispered the last sigh of the Atlantic cable—"All wrong, De Sauty."

THE WALL STREET SCANDALS.

The Wall Street storm is subsiding, and the wreckers are busy over the craft which went to pieces in the gale. A few small defalcations and frauds have been brought to light by the general and thorough examination of accounts which followed the Jenkins and Ketchum developments; but there has been no revulsion, and the prophets of evil who likened the Ketchum explosion to the collapse of the Ohio Life and Trust Company in 1857, have thus far proved false augurs. So far as can be judged at present, the indications are in favor of fair weather. Even Ketchum and Graham will pay substantial dividends to their creditors, and by singular good fortune, the losses caused by their failure will fall on people well able to bear them.

It is now important that the lesson taught by these frauds and disasters should not be thrown away. There are three cases before the courts, each of which should convey instruction to Wall Street.

In Jenkins's case the lawyers seem to be devoting their wits to a wrangle over a "pretty waiter girl," and her friend the butcher-boy—an insignificant branch of the case. By-and-by, it is to be hoped, they will let us know through whom, and through whose guilty knowledge or culpable indifference, this Jenkins was enabled to lose $300,000 of the money of the Phenix Bank in stocks. This is the real "joint" of the matter. We may add a reminiscence by way of illustration. Two days before the discovery of the great Schuyler frauds which convulsed Wall Street and ruined ever so many widows and orphans, Kyle, Schuyler's factotum, met a broker whom he knew.

"———," said he, cheerily, "how do you do? I haven't given you an order for some time. Let's see. Well, you may sell 500 Harlem for me for cash at the board."

The order was executed, the broker's check duly certified tendered to Mr. Kyle, and the certificate of stock received in exchange.

Here, apparently, the transaction ended. But it chanced that the broker was one of those wary, conscientious men who scented difficulties afar off. To be sure Mr. Kyle had as good a right to sell Harlem as any other man. But he had the power of *creating* stock by a mere stroke of his pen. And so, for fear of trouble, the broker thought he would let Mr. Schuyler know that his subordinate, Kyle, was selling Harlem. Mr. Schuyler had the best of reasons for saying that it was all right. Not satisfied still, the broker mentioned the circumstance to two other directors in the Harlem. They were surprised, and promised an investigation; the consequence of which was that Robert Schuyler ran away, and his frauds were brought to light. Had this broker been less wary and less suspicious they might have gone on much longer, and ruined many more people.

The Mumford case is a repetition of the famous case of Ray Tompkins. Peter B. Mumford, a gold broker, bought gold, and gave in payment checks which were not good when he gave them, and have not since been made good. In Ray Tompkins's case, the court held that Tompkins had not been guilty of crime though he received stocks, paid for them with worthless checks, and refused afterward to return either the money or the stocks. The principle evolved was that a broker who receives a check in payment for property takes the risk of the check proving worthless. If the check proves bad, he has his claim against the maker. But the latter is not held to have committed an offense against society, and can not be punished as a swindler. In Mumford's case, it is alleged that he sold the gold he had paid for with his worthless checks, deposited the money in the Tradesmen's Bank, where he had kept a trifling account, and afterward drew it out and concealed it. If these facts should be proved, and the courts should hold that they do not constitute crime or misdemeanor, it will follow that no man in Wall Street will hereafter deliver property of any kind except for a certified check. Business may be hindered by the general adoption of this rule, but it will be rendered much safer.

Ketchum's case was thoroughly described in our last number. But few additional facts have come to light, though many falsehoods are current. One paper, which has often abused dealers in gold as traitors, insists that Ketchum went to pieces in trying to "bull" gold; whereas, the fact is, he had latterly but little interest in the gold market, and only dealt in gold for the purpose of accounting for his being possessed of such quantities of gold checks. His arena was the stock market. Another paper solicits sympathy for Ketchum on the ground of his alleged loyalty. The fact is, the house was a bitter opponent of Mr. Chase, no friend to Mr. M'Culloch, and a firm foe to investments in United States securities. Another paper lays the blame of Ketchum's forgeries on the Legal Tender Act. It might just as fairly be laid on the discovery of America. True, if there had been no Legal Tender Act Ketchum's forged gold checks would not have been good collateral. But if America had never been discovered there would have been no Ketchum to cheat, and no Wall Street to be cheated. Why not abuse Columbus as well as Mr. Chase? A villain so unscrupulous, so double-dyed, so ingenious as Edward B. Ketchum would have robbed people any where, and under any circumstances.

Two hours before he fled a broker visited him with the weekly bank statement. He examined it with his usual languid interest, and discussed its effect on the market quite calmly. To a confidential suggestion with regard to his policy in the market he replied, with a lie that was familiar to his lips, that his interest was trifling.

He was marvelous as a deceiver. A gentleman who traveled with him observed to a friend that he seemed to have none of the faults of a young man. He never drank, his language was always decorous, he did not gamble, and among women he was a Puritan. Yet it seems now that, with a wife only lately married to him, he kept a mistress in style not far from his own home. His affection for his father seemed exemplary; yet he did not scruple to plunge that father—who had labored forty years to accumulate a fortune—into the depths of penury and disgrace.

Some of his idiosyncrasies seem inexplicable. He not only kept accounts with a dozen or more brokers—some of them under feigned names—but actually kept as many as twenty different accounts with one house. These accounts were generally distinguished by letters, A B C, D E F, P Q, X Y Z, and other combinations of letters. Edward B. Ketchum furnished the margins for all these cabalistic operators, and amused and perplexed his brokers by the variety and seeming contrariety of his orders. What his object was, unless to gratify his inordinate appetite for mysterious combinations, it were hard to say. It was no joke to be his broker. To one house he would send a slip of paper at 10 A.M saying simply, "I have sold two millions of gold—Deliver for me to-day." Or again: "Borrow 10,000 Erie for me before 2 P.M." But his business was so profitable to his agents that they did not object to working hard for him.

He is said to have robbed the firm of which he was a member of the bulk of their securities. They were so sound a house, so universally trusted, that many persons, especially in New England, used to leave their stocks and bonds in their custody merely for safe keeping. A large proportion of these stocks and bonds young Ketchum is said to have abstracted. A question will arise, in connection with this branch of the case, touching the responsibility and the duties of copartners. There were four partners in the house of Ketchum, Son, & Co. How could Edward B. Ketchum abstract these securities without their knowledge? There is in law a degree of neglect, known as *crassa negligentia*, which differs but infinitesimally from felonious intent.

The house has published a card disclaiming complicity in Edward B. Ketchum's operations. It has been generally received with derision. People can not comprehend how so shrewd a man as Morris Ketchum can have been ignorant of the operations of the "Ketchum party"—as his son was called—when all the Wall Street operators and all the newspapers talked of nothing else. If the street gains nothing else by the Ketchum scandal, it ought to derive the lesson that in every banking firm each partner must assume his share of responsibility for the dealings of the firm as a whole, and of his copartners individually.

A question has arisen as to the disposal of the enormous sums of money with which young Ketchum seems to have made away. In gold and stocks, in 1863 and 1864, he must have made over a million. He seems to have obtained a million and a half by the issue of forged gold checks. And from his father's house he is said to have purloined some two millions' worth of securities. In all, this youth of twenty-five must have had a capital of $4,500,000 to trade upon. What has become of it? How much he lost on his short sales of stocks in January, February, and March of this year no one can tell. In last number we set down the gains of his opponents in Erie at a million. Further inquiry leads us to estimate them at more than that figure. In other stocks he lost proportionate sums. There is reason to believe that the race-course at Saratoga, and not a few of the blood-horses which have run there this summer, were really paid for by Edward B. Ketchum, whose losses to their owners furnished the means for these flights of extravagance. It is supposed in some quarters that he went away with large sums of money. It will probably be found, if he is caught and tells the truth, that he had $70,000 when he ran away—neither more nor less.

To tell the truth, there is not much sympathy felt for his victims. Some of them were careless, others imprudent. What can be said of a broker who, knowing Edward B. Ketchum's means and his position as a junior partner in a house trusted by all men, speculated for him to the extent of ten and twenty million dollars? And these money-lenders who advanced money on his forged gold checks—receiving them in a bundle in a sealed envelope, and never subjecting them to any scrutiny—is any body surprised or much grieved at their losses? *Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette galère?*

PLEASING POLITICAL REMINISCENCES.

Mr. S. S. Cox, a former member of Congress from Ohio, and an ardent supporter of Vallandigham when the people of Ohio gave a hundred thousand majority against him, was defeated at the last Congressional election, and has left the State of Ohio to reside in the City of New York. Mr. Cox has in press, as we learn from some extracts published in the New York rebel organ, a volume of political reminiscences. There is one reminiscence which we suppose will hardly be included in the work, and we subjoin it as an interesting supplement. Mr. Cox was one of the managers of the Chicago peace and surrender Convention a year ago, and in the course of a speech in that city remarked, as reported at the time:

> "For less offenses than Mr. Lincoln had been guilty of the English people had chopped off the head of the first Charles. In his opinion, Lincoln and Davis ought to be brought to the same block together. The other day they arrested a friend of his, a member of Congress from Missouri, for saying, in private conversation, that Lincoln was no better than Jeff Davis. He was ready to say the same here now in Chicago. Let the minions of the Administration object, if they dare."

Mr. James Buchanan, also, has a history of his political life, or of his Administration, in press. He will of course quote the confidential letter of Howell Cobb, in which that worthy gentleman, who was President Buchanan's Secretary of the Treasury, and in that capacity did what he could to ruin the credit of the United States, said: "I repeat to you, that the Administration of Mr. Buchanan is the most thoroughly identified with our principles and our rights of any that has ever preceded it, and I am willing to stand and fall upon the issue." When Sherman came through Georgia this Cobb, a consummate "Southern gentleman," drove away all his able-bodied slaves, leaving the old and helpless to starve to death.

Mr. Buchanan, also, will naturally quote the extract from his last message, when he knew that a conspiracy was organized to destroy the Government and ruin the country, and that the chief conspirators were his own confidential advisers. It was then he said that if the Personal Liberty bills—bills to prevent Howell Cobb and Company from kidnapping the citizens of Wisconsin, Massachusetts, and other States—were not repealed, "the injured States, after having first used all peaceful and constitutional means to obtain redress, would be justified in revolutionary resistance to the Government of the Union." This is well called, in a little pamphlet which has fallen under our observation, a "hideous invitation to rebellion."

Why does James Buchanan refuse the charity of contemptuous forgetfulness into which he has fallen? Why should he strive to revive the national consciousness of his infamy or his imbecility?

THE VOICE OF "THE SOUTH."

We have seen a letter, too long for publication, from an octogenarian who was born before the Constitution was adopted, upon whose head Washington laid his hand, and who is a South Carolina Calhoun Unionist. The letter is a curious and most involuntary indictment of that policy in our country which hesitated to grapple long and long ago with the fatal error of State sovereignty. It shows that profound and unalterable conviction which welded the white population of the Southern slave States into a unit, and enabled them with such tenacity and sacrifice to prolong the war.

The writer dates his letter "Where Columbia was." Every line reveals a mind stored with the traditions of a section, and confused with the hair-splitting sophistries of Calhoun. "I am not considered worthy of citizenship," says the writer, "because I have followed in the footsteps of my ancestors, and served South Carolina and the United States." He does not believe that the Constitution created "a vast, consolidated, and irresponsible empire;" yet he believes South Carolina to be a little empire of that kind. He holds the right of revolution to be consecrated in every line of the Constitution, yet declares that "nullification, secession, or putting the State upon her sovereignty," were but this right of revolution "in disguise." He has opposed such measures for more than forty fears, yet believed the right could not be denied without destroying the instrument. It is "consolidation that I, a Union man, most fear." He has always been a slaveholder, looking for "the termination of slavery," and believed, from "the good sense and good feeling of the Southern people," it was gradually disappearing. The President's proclamation of emancipation was "the most sinful act ever committed." The slave was lately "an orderly member of society." He is now becoming a robber and a murderer. "Does a servile massacre of the whites in South Carolina necessarily reconstruct the Union?" Without a high respect for Davis, the writer thinks he meant to reconstruct the Union; he is sure Lee did. "I am sure it was uppermost in the heart of Mr. Lincoln." The letter concludes by asking, "Can the North believe that we are traitors *per se?* that we (those who favored secession, which I did not) have no idea of a constitutional right peaceably to withdraw? If such is their conviction we must remain their prisoners, but can never hope to be their countrymen. We have fought them upon a principle. We have done our best, and our best has not been sufficient. Can the victors neither forgive nor relax? We are thoroughly beaten. Is it necessary we should be as thoroughly degraded?" He explains that he says "we," not because he doubted the value of the Union, but because no honorable man will abandon his kindred; "and the miserable cowards who are doing so in Charleston will be the first to lose the confidence which they never deserved."

Such a letter is a perfect transcript of the pitiable mental condition of honest rebels. Such men are not to be insulted. Their faith in the right of "peaceable secession" is as steadfast as our faith in the supreme national authority. The war was the inevitable conflict between these convictions. But those who are defeated are not persuaded. They can not, therefore, honorably ask to be allowed to administer a government to which they frankly own that they are not faithful. The exquisite folly of asking whether we have no idea of a government which provides for its own sudden destruction can not be perceived by a mind which thinks the same provision is the right of revolution. Indeed the letter is as pitiful and painful as it is sincere, yet it speaks for those who have so long controlled "the South" and the country.

MONUMENT TO GEN. M'PHERSON.

The Army of the Tennessee propose to erect a suitable monument over the grave of their former commander, Major-General James B. M'Pherson, one of the most accomplished soldiers and truest heroes of the war. Under the Presidency of Major-General John A. Logan a Committee of Correspondence has been appointed, consisting of Major-General W. B. Hazen, Cleveland, Ohio; Brevet Major-General M. D. Leggett, Zanesville, Ohio; Brevet Brigadier-General A. Hickenlooper, Cincinnati. Those who have fought bravely will know how to honor worthily him who most nobly fell.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SOUTH.

A most important speech was made by General Schenck on the 16th of August, at Chillicothe, Ohio. The spirit of the rebellion, according to General Schenck, has not been extinguished. The idea, he says, that one or more States of this Union has the right to break up the whole Government at pleasure, and bring upon us all the horrors we have just passed through, still prevails. The President might have held the rebellious States in military subjection as a conquered people until satisfied of their entire loyalty, and until reinstated in their former positions by legislative action; or he might have withdrawn the military force altogether, and left them to exercise their civil functions locally and in their relations to the other States. From the start there were objections to each of these courses, and the President combined them, holding a military force over them at the same time that he allowed them to reinstate these civil powers, and begin again the exercise of their loyal functions. This latter privilege, however, was only an experiment, and the speaker assured his hearers that President Johnson so regarded it. Only ten days ago, in a full and free interview with him, the President said he regarded the local governments set up in the rebellious States as temporary experiments, simply to give the people an opportunity to show whether they will develop the right spirit and policy necessary for a full restoration to their proper position in the Government. While regarding them as experiments, he intends that the military power of the Government shall hold them in check, so that if they be found straying back into rebellious ways the military will be there to prevent them from again making the trouble they have heretofore caused.

The President, in this conversation, referred to the course that had just been pursued in reference to the Richmond election, where the citizens manifested their rebellious spirit by electing to office the very men who had recently been in arms against the Government. It was with his sanction that the military authorities had set aside that election, and he gave this as an example of what might be expected in other cases of a similar kind.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Maine Democratic State Convention met in Portland August 15. There were present five hundred and seventy-four delegates. Mr. E. F. Pillsbury, the temporary chairman, in his address said that an attempt is being made to destroy State Sovereignty, which the Democratic party must frustrate. The resolutions adopted were in consonance with the spirit of these remarks. Hon. James Howard, of Portland, was unanimously nominated as candidate for Governor.

Major-Generals A. J. Smith and Gordon Granger are at Mobile, Alabama.

Major-General Mower succeeds General Granger in command at Galveston, Texas.

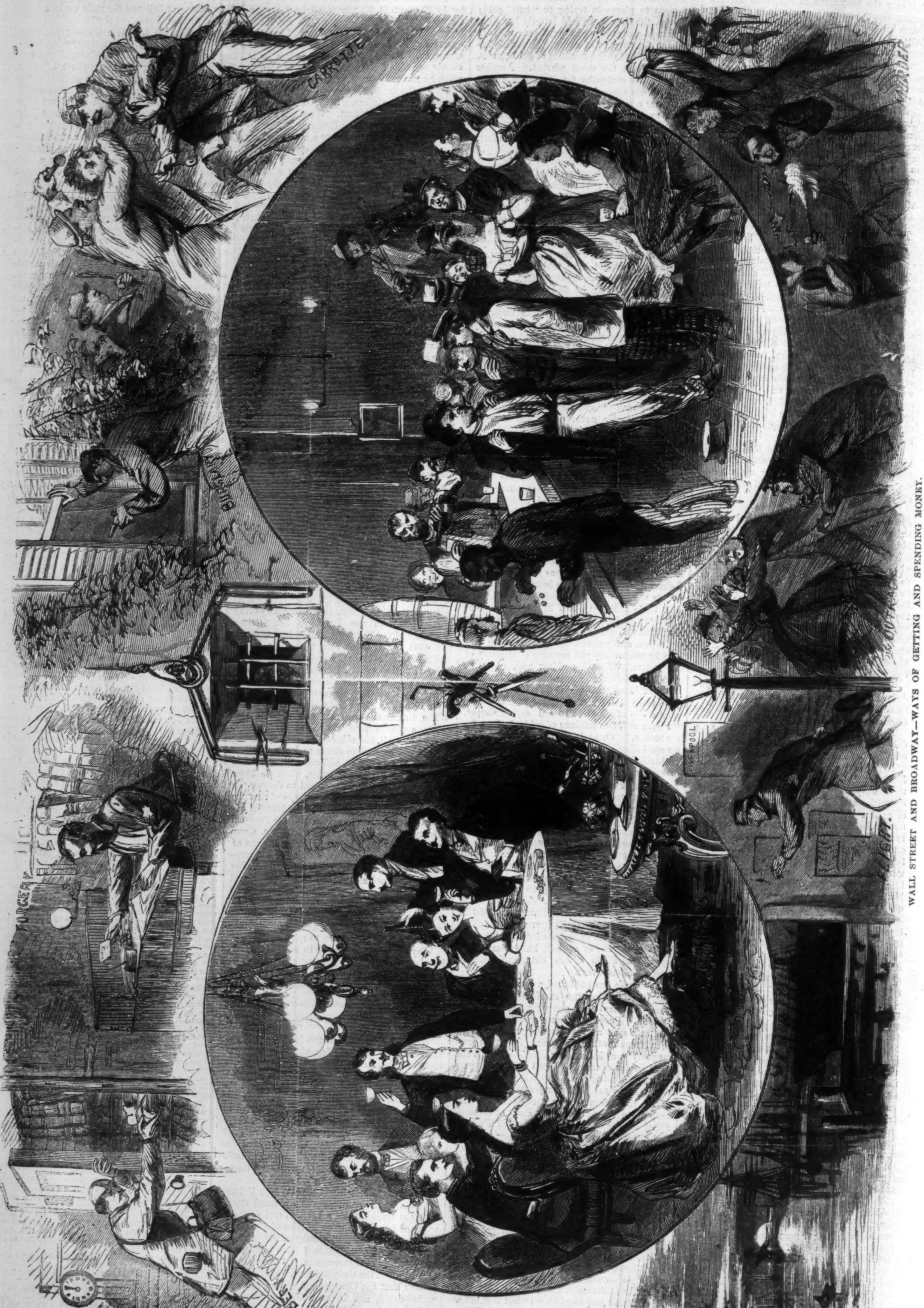
Judge A. E. Cochran, of Macon, Georgia, died in that city recently.

A theatre, said to be the only one now in Texas, has been lately opened at Galveston.

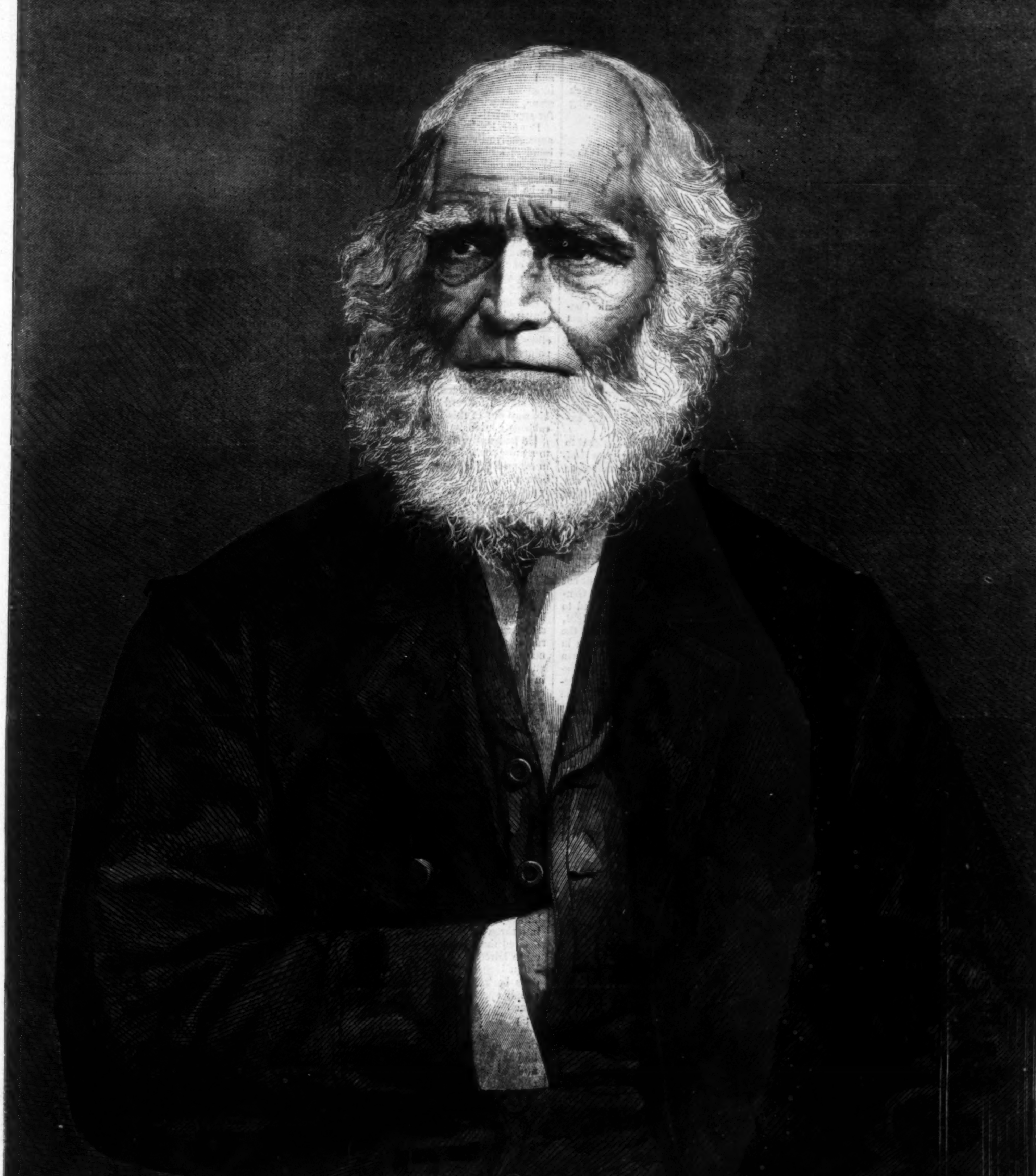
Nothing further has been heard from Edward Ketchum, the defaulter.

The ninety-sixth anniversary of the birth of Napoleon the Great occurred on the 15th of August.

Moses F. Odell has been appointed Naval Officer of this port, relieving Mr. Dennison.


FORGERY
ROBBERY
BURGLARY
GARROTE
MURDER
POOL
FLIGHT

WALL STREET AND BROADWAY—WAYS OF GETTING AND SPENDING MONEY.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"A DOUBT having been intimated in the *Monthly Anthology* of June last whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem—in justice to his merits the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact, from their personal knowledge of himself and his family, as well as his literary improvement and extraordinary talents.....They therefore assure the public that Mr. BRYANT, the author, is a native of Cummington, in the county of Hampshire [Massachusetts], and in the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. The facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place."

These are the words of an "advertisement," dated February, 1809, and prefixed to a slight, old-fashioned pamphlet, of thirty-six pages, containing "The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times.—A Satire. The Second Edition, Corrected and Enlarged. Together with the Spanish Revolution, and other Poems." The other poems are but six in number, and one of them is a translation from Horace. None have been reproduced in the later collections of Mr. BRYANT's works. Five years afterward, in his nineteenth year, he wrote "Thanatopsis," the best known and the most celebrated of American poems.

From that time to this Mr. BRYANT's name has been one of the most conspicuous and most honored among American authors and citizens. His robust and manly genius has not only invigorated our literature with the peculiar inspiration of the American landscape, but, in his constant fidelity to political duty, he has elevated the ideal of American life. Shy and reserved in temperament, and with the austere tastes of an earnest scholar, he has yet disdained to live secluded in his library, and, with a kind of woodland independence and coolness, has moved in the thickest throng of men and the hottest conflicts of opinion.

It is this mingled austerity and independence which gives the characteristic tone to his poetry as to his life. The stock criticism of Mr. BRYANT is that he is cold. His genius is described as a glacier, full of exquisite hues and of a towering majesty, but ice to the core. Yet, when the critic has said or written the word, if he would but look through the three small volumes that contain the poetry of Mr. BRYANT's sixty years of authorship, he will be amazed at the tenderness and pathos of their tone—a tenderness like that of the June landscape, and a pathos like the sighing of winds among the pines.

The spirit of his works and of his life is singularly harmonious. They are both marked by the healthiness, freshness, and sober cheerfulness of American nature. His poetry is not only faithfully pictorial of our scenery, but it is full of its inward character. The solemn, shadowy, warm-scented forest aisles; "the hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun;" "the new-leaved trees;" the "amber air;" the yellow violet and the fringed gentian; the singing birds and the humming bees; the cliff and the mountain peak, with the clear, sparkling blue above—all live again and forever in the simple melody of his verse. Familiar with many languages and literature, his sinewy muse knows no tropical languor, no foreign passion, but breathes serenely her native temperate air. To read Thanatopsis is to walk meditating in a pine wood of New England, not of Old England, not in the historic shade of Sherwood and Ardennes, nor in the witch-haunted dells of the German Black Forest. BRYANT is as American as CHAUCER is English or BOCCACCIO Italian.

Essentially a contemplative poet, he yet never preaches or proses, and is never prolix, like the good bard of Rydal; and his "Song of Marion's Men" has the true lyrical ring. Free from conceit and rhetoric, the thought never glimmers—seeming vast because it is vague—but its native grandeur ennobles his verse with perfect simplicity. There is a calm, clear, daylight effect in all he writes. The broad sympathy, the lofty tone, are like an elixir of mountain air.

In his conduct of the *Evening Post*—in which he has been faithfully supported by WILLIAM LEGGETT, JOHN BIGELOW, CHARLES NORDHOFF, and for many years by his accomplished son-in-law, PARKE GODWIN—Mr. BRYANT's characteristics are as apparent as in his poetry. The *Post* has always advocated the utmost practicable freedom in political action, in religion, in commercial and productive industry. It opposes class legislation; and enforces, with trenchant eloquence and often with rich and scholarly satire, that popular self-reliance without which any government may, in corrupt hands, endanger the most vital national interests. Yet, amidst the fierce party conflicts of forty years, the editor's character, assaulted often by innuendo and implication, has remained as spotless as that of the youth of thirteen years who wrote the Embargo among the Hampshire hills. During all that time the editor has incessantly defended and explained the principles that are truly American, as the poet has sung the characteristic charm of the scenery of his native land.

That the heart of the poet has often enough yearned for escape from the unclean turmoil of political life is constantly shown in his songs. But the o'ermastering Puritan conscience that would not suffer MILTON to steal away from the battle for moral and political liberty, has held BRYANT firmly to the same painful duty. In the golden maturity of a life which, while working with and for others, has always preserved its serene independence, Mr. BRYANT wrote upon his sixty-seventh birthday a prayer to which every true American heart will say Amen!

"Glorious are the woods, in their latest gold and crimson,
Yet our full-leaved willows are in their freshest green,
Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing
With the growths of summer, I never yet have seen.

"Like this kindly season may life's decline come o'er me:
Past is manhood's summer, the frosty months are here;
Yet be genial airs and a pleasant sunshine left me,
Leaf and fruit and blossom, to mark the closing year.

* * * * *

"Dreary are the years when the eye can look no longer
With delight on nature or hope on human kind;
Oh may those that whiten my temples, as they pass me,
Leave the heart unfrozen, and spare the cheerful mind!"

NEW YORK EMIGRANT DEPOT.

CASTLE GARDEN, at the Battery, was formerly a theatre. It was leased by the Commissioners of Emigration in 1855 and converted into an emigrant dépôt. Up to that time the newly-arriving emigrants were victimized without mercy by thieves and scoundrels. The Garden has remedied the old evil, and has for ten years afforded a haven of security to emigrants. The benefits of the dépôt are numerous, both to emigrants and to the other parties concerned. Besides having a place of safety for the landing of his effects the emigrant is also relieved from the extortion of runners and of the sellers of bogus railway tickets. There is an office connected with the dépôt where tickets may be bought at the lowest rates directly from the various transporting companies. If the emigrant desires to stay in the city his baggage is transported for him to the desired locality. The dépôt also affords facilities for relieving the emigrant ship immediately of its passengers, which is a great convenience to shippers.

Mr. BERNARD CASSERLY is the chief agent and superintendent of the dépôt, and is assisted by an efficient staff of clerks. Among the sub-departments of the establishment is an inquiry department, where parties call for friends who have arrived, and where they have to satisfy the officer in charge that they are not impostors. The sick, to the number of about ten every day, are sent to Ward's Island. There is an intelligence-office at the garden, where citizens may procure male or female help. There is also a letter-writing department, where the emigrants can write to their friends or have letters written for them.

Since 1847 about three millions of emigrants have arrived at this port. Last year the number of these was 182,916, being an increase of 30,000 over the previous year. The largest number on record is 319,223—the number of arrivals in 1854. If we take the number of emigrants arriving at this port in 1864 we shall find that 90,000 were from Ireland, nearly 60,000 from Germany, and about 24,000 from England. These three countries are the main sources of emigration. The prospect is that the new impulse which will now be given to every department of labor in this country will draw from Europe a larger tide of emigration than in any previous period.

ACCIDENT IN THE ITALIAN ALPS.

DURING the month of July several English gentlemen, members of an Alpine Club, came to Zermatt, with the intention of climbing the colossal cliffs of Mount Cervin, hitherto pronounced insurmountable. These were EDWARD WHYMPER, CHARLES HUDSON, Mr. HADDO, and Lord FRANCIS DOUGLAS. Mr. HUDSON had brought with him cables of iron wire to facilitate the ascent, but left them behind at his hotel. He and his companions procured three guides from Zermatt, and with seven bottles of wine began the ascent. Having passed through the snow at the foot of Cervin, Lord FRANCIS DOUGLAS, who was only nineteen years old, took some rest from sleep, while the others remained awake. This was on the night of July 13-14. On the morning they resumed their march, and found the ascent more easy than they had expected. By two o'clock P.M. they reached the summit; and after a short rest they began to retrace their course. CROTZ, one of the guides, went ahead; after him came DOUGLAS, HADDO, HUDSON, and WHYMPER; then came the other two guides, TAUGWALD and his son. All of them were attached to a single cord, and were proceeding down the jagged way, with great exultation over their success, when DOUGLAS slipped and gave the cord a violent pull that tumbled HADDO, HUDSON, and the whole company over the side of the cliff. TAUGWALD, the father, who was last in the line, did not lose his presence of mind. He passed his end of the cord through a crack in the rock, and believed for a moment that he had arrested the fall of his fellow-travelers, but suddenly the rope broke between WHYMPER and HUDSON; and CROTZ, Lord DOUGLAS, HADDO, and HUDSON bounded down from rock to rock for four thousand feet. The next morning their bodies were found where they fell.

REAR-ADMIRAL F. H. GREGORY.

AMONG the naval heroes who have come down to us from a past generation Rear-Admiral FRANCIS H. GREGORY must be recognized as one of the foremost. When this war was begun Admiral GREGORY was seventy-two years old; but, notwithstanding his age, he was eager to be sent to sea. Secretary WELLES, however, deeming that he would be of greater service on shore, induced him to take charge of one of our navy-yards, and subsequently appointed him general superintendent of iron-clads, a position which he still retains.

Admiral GREGORY was born at Norwalk, Connecticut, October 9, 1789; entered the merchant service in March, 1802, and after having escaped from British imprisonment, was warranted as a Midshipman in the navy by President JEFFERSON January 16, 1809. His first service was on board the schooner *Revenge*, commanded by Lieutenant O. H. PERRY. In March, 1809, he was transferred to the *Vesuvius*, and went to New Orleans. Here he signalized himself by two or three heroic exploits directed against piratical squadrons.

The next year Admiral GREGORY was ordered to a Northern station; and at the commencement of the war of 1812 was placed under Commodore CHAUNCEY's command on Lake Ontario. He was engaged in the attack on Kingston in November of that year, and the next March was appointed Flag-Lieutenant. He was at the capture of Fort George, and in all the actions on Lake Ontario.

In 1821 Lieutenant GREGORY was appointed commander of the *Grampus*, and cruised in that vessel throughout the West Indies for the suppression of piracy. Four years later he was selected to fit out the *Brandywine* for the purpose of conveying General LAFAYETTE to France. He was attached to the Navy-yard at New York from 1828 to 1831, when he was sent in the *Falmouth* to cruise in the Pacific; in 1838 was promoted to a Captaincy; in 1845 was employed in the blockade of Mexican ports; in 1852 was placed in command of the Boston Navy-yard—an office from which he was relieved in 1856, and from that time was engaged in temporary duties until this war broke out.

Admiral GREGORY has rendered the country inestimable service during the late war. We are indebted to him for the introduction of torpedoes into our navy. He superintended the construction of the machinery invented by Chief-Engineer WOOD for the destruction of the *Albemarle*, and Mr. WOOD asserts that but for the kind appreciation of the Admiral his inventions might not have been tested until too late to be of practical service. Admiral GREGORY is a man of spotless integrity, and has always been beloved by the men under his command.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. KECKWITCH PROVES HIMSELF TO BE A MAN OF ORIGINAL GENIUS.

A THRILL of virtuous satisfaction pervaded Mr. Keckwitch's respectable bosom at this discovery. He had gained the first great step, and gained it easily. The rest would be more difficult; but it was sure to follow. Besides, he was not the man to be daunted by such obstacles as were likely to present themselves in an undertaking of this kind. They were obstacles of precisely that nature which his slow, dogged, cautious temperament was best fitted to deal with; and he knew this. Perhaps, on the whole, he rather liked that there should be some difficulties in the way that he might have the satisfaction of overcoming them. At all events they gave an additional zest to the pursuit that he had in hand; and though his hatred needed no stimulus, Mr. Keckwitch, like most phlegmatic men, was not displeased to be stimulated.

Sufficient, however, for the day was the triumph thereof. Here was the gate of Elton House; and only to have penetrated so far into William Trefalden's mystery was an achievement of no slight importance. But the head clerk was not contented only to see the gate. He wanted to have a glimpse of the house as well; and so walked on to the bottom of the lane, crossed over, and returned up the other side. The lane, however, was narrow, and the walls were high; so that, take it from what point he would, the house remained invisible. He could see the tops of two or three sombre-looking trees, and a faint column of smoke melting away as it rose against the back-ground of blue sky; but that was all, and he was none the wiser for the sight. So, knowing that he risked observation every moment that he lingered in Slade's Lane, he turned quickly back again toward the market-gardens, and passed out through a little turnstile leading to a footway shut in by thick green hedges on either side.

He could not tell in the least where this path would lead him; but seeing a net-work of similar walks intersecting the inclosures in various directions, he hoped to double back somehow or another into the main road. In the mean while he hurried on till a bend in the path carried him well out of sight of the entrance to Slade's Lane, and there paused to rest in the shade of an apple-orchard.

It was now about half past six o'clock. The sun was still shining; the evening was still warm; the apple-blossoms filled the air with a delicious perfume. All around and before him, occupying the whole space of ground between Kensington and Brompton, lay nothing but meadows, and fruit-gardens, and orchards heavy with blossoms white and pink. A pleasant, peaceful scene, not without some kind of vernal beauty for appreciative eyes!

But Mr. Keckwitch's dull orbs, however feebly appreciative they might be at other times, were blind just now to every impression of beauty. Waiting there in the shade he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, recovered his breath as he best could, and thought only of how he might turn his journey to some farther account before going back to town. It was much to have discovered Elton House; but he had yet to learn what manner of life was led in it by William Trefalden. It would have been something only to have caught a glimpse through an open gate—to have seen whether the house were large or small, cheerful or dismal. He had expected to find it dull and dilapidated, with half the windows shuttered up, and the rest all black with the smoke of many years; and he did not feel inclined to go away in as much ignorance of these points as when he left Chancery Lane. Suddenly an idea occurred to him—a very bright, ingenious idea, which gave him so much satisfaction that he indulged in a little inaudible laugh, and started forward again quite briskly to find his way out of this labyrinth of hedgerows and cabbage gardens.

He had not gone many yards before he came to a cross-road whence more paths branched off in every direction. Here, however, like a large blue spider in the midst of his web, stood a portly policeman, from whom Mr. Keckwitch at once learned his nearest way to Palace Gardens, and followed it. He asked for Palace Gardens this time, being anxious to emerge upon the High Street without again venturing too close to Slade's Lane in broad daylight.

Having come out at this point, Mr. Keckwitch went into the first stationer's shop that he could see, and bought a ledger. The stationer had some difficulty in supplying him, for the ledger he required was of a somewhat unusual shape and size. "It must be oblong," he said, "plain ruled, and bound in red leather." He would not have it ruled off in columns for accounts, and the stationer had none that were not ruled in that manner. At last he found one that was quite plain—a mere oblong book of Bath-post paper bound in purple cloth, with scarlet leather back and corners; and with this, although it was not exactly what he wanted, Mr. Trefalden's head clerk was forced to content himself. He also bought a parallel ruler, a small bottle of ink, and a couple of quill pens, saying that he would rule the book himself.

It was now striking seven by Kensington church clock; and Mr. Keckwitch, who was not used to going without his tea, inquired his way to the nearest coffee-house, which proved to be in Church Street, close by. It was a modest little place enough; but he made himself very comfortable there, establishing himself at a table at the farther end of the room, calling for lights and a substantial tea, and setting to work at once upon the ruling of his ledger. When he had done about a dozen pages he divided each into three parts by a couple of vertical lines, and desired the waiter to bring him the London Post-office Directory. But he did not look in it for Elton House. He had searched for that some days back and found no mention of it. He simply opened it at KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, page four hundred and forty-nine, and proceeded patiently and methodically to copy out its contents under the several titles of Name, Address, and Occupation. By the time that he had thus filled in some four or five pages, and finished his tea, it was half past eight o'clock, and quite dark.

That is to say, it was quite dark in the sky overhead, but quite brilliant in Kensington High Street. That picturesque thoroughfare was lighted up for the evening. The shops blazed with gas; the pavements were crowded; there was a brass band playing at the public house at the corner; and the very fruit and oyster-stalls in front of the church were bright with lanterns. The place, in fact, was as light as at noonday, and Mr. Keckwitch, who wished to avoid observation, was naturally somewhat disturbed and a good deal disappointed. He had, however, made up his mind to do a certain thing, and he was determined to go through with it; so he pulled his hat a little more over his eyes, put his ink-bottle and pens in the breast-pocket of his coat, tucked his ledger under his arm, and went boldly out in the direction of Slade's Lane.

He had observed a baker's shop within a few doors of the corner where the omnibus had set him down, and this shop was his present destination. He went in with the assured step of a man who is about his regular work, touched his hat to a pleasant-looking woman behind the counter, and said:

"I am going round, ma'am, for the new Directory. There's been no change here, I suppose, since last year."

"No, Sir; no change whatever," she replied.

Mr. Keckwitch opened his ledger on the counter, pulled out one of his quill pens, and drew his fat forefinger down a certain column of names.

"Wilson, Emma, baker and confectioner," said he, reading one of the entries. "Is that quite right, ma'am?"

"Fancy bread and biscuit baker, if you please, Sir," replied Mrs. Wilson, "not confectioner."

"Thank you, ma'am. Fancy bread and biscuit baker."

And Mr. Keckwitch drew his pen through "confectioner" and substituted Mrs. Wilson's emendation with a business-like gravity that did him credit.

"I thought the Post-office Directory for this year was out already, Sir," observed Mrs. Wilson, as he blotted off the entry and closed his ledger.

"This is not the Post-office Directory, ma'am," said Mr. Keckwitch, calmly. "This is a new Directory of the Western and South-western districts."

"Oh, indeed! a sort of new Court Guide, I suppose?"

"Just so, ma'am. A sort of new Court Guide. Wish you good-evenin'."

"Good-evening, Sir," replied Mrs. Wilson, as he again raised his finger half-way to the brim of his hat, and left the shop; he had scarcely passed the threshold, however, when he paused and turned back.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, for troubling you again," he said, "but perhaps you can tell me who lives at Elton House?"

"Elton House?"

"Yes; Elton House in Slade's Lane. I've been knocking and ringing there till I'm tired, and can get no one to come to the gate. Is it uninhabited?"

Mr. Keckwitch said this so naturally, and with such an air of ill-used respectability, that detective Kidd himself would scarcely have doubted the truth of his statement. As for Mrs. Wilson, she accepted every word of it in perfect good faith.

"Oh no," she replied, "it is not uninhabited. The name is Duvernay."

"Duvernay," repeated Mr. Trefalden's head clerk, reopening his ledger, and dipping his pen in Mrs. Wilson's ink. "With your leave, ma'am. A foreign family, I suppose?"

"I think she is French."

"And Mr. Duvernay—can you tell me what profession to enter?"

"There is no Mr. Duvernay," said Mrs. Wilson, with an odd little cough and a slight elevation of the eyebrows. "At least, not that I am aware of."

Mr. Keckwitch looked up with that dull light in his eyes that only came to them under circumstances of strong excitement. Mrs. Wilson looked down and coughed again.

"Is the lady a widow?" he asked, huskily.

"I believe she calls herself a widow," replied Mrs. Wilson; "but indeed, Sir, I can't say what she is."

"And there's no gentleman?"

"I didn't say that, Sir."

"I beg your pardon, I thought I understood so."

"I said there was no Mr. Duvernay; and no more there is. But I don't desire to speak ill of my neighbors, and Madame's a customer."

Mr. Keckwitch shook his head solemnly.

"Dear, dear!" said he. "Very sad, very sad indeed. A wicked world, ma'am! So little real respectability in it."

"Very true, Sir."

"Then I suppose I must simply put down *Madame Duvernay*, there being no master to the house?"

"I suppose so, Sir. There is no master that I know of; at least, no acknowledged master."

"Still, if there is a gentleman, and he lives in the house, as I think you implied just now—"

"Oh, Sir, I imply nothing," said the mistress of the shop, somewhat impatiently, as if she had had enough of the subject. "Madame Duvernay's doings are nothing to me; and the gentleman may be her husband for aught I know to the contrary."

"You can not give me his name, ma'am?"

"No, Sir."

"I am sorry for that. I ought to have his name if he really lives in the house."

"I can not give it to you because I don't know it," said Mrs. Wilson, rather more graciously. "I can not even take it upon myself to say that he lives at Elton House. There is a gentleman there, I believe, very constantly; but he may be a visitor. I really can't tell; and it's no business of mine."

"Nor of mine, if he is only a visitor," replied Mr. Keckwitch, again closing his ledger and preparing to be gone. "We take no note of visitors, but we're bound to take note of regular inhabitants. I'm very much obliged to you, ma'am—very much indeed."

"I'm sure, Sir, you're very welcome."

"Thank you. A little help often goes a long way in matters of this kind; and it isn't pleasant to stand at a gate knocking and ringing for half an hour together."

"No, indeed; far from it, Sir. I can't think what all the servants were about to let you do so."

"Good-evenin' once more, ma'am."

"Good-evening, Sir."

And Mr. Keckwitch walked out of the shop this time without turning back again.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DISPATCHES FROM ITALY.

"I LOVE this terrace," said Miss Colonna, "it is so like the terrace of an Italian house."

"I am always glad, for that reason, when the summer is sufficiently advanced to let us put out the orange-trees," replied Lord Castletowers.

It was shortly after breakfast, and they had all strolled out through the open windows. The tide of guests had ebbed away some days since, and the party was once more reduced to its former numbers.

"Yes," said Olimpia, "the dear old orange-trees and the terra cotta vases go far to heighten the illusion—so long as one avoids looking back at the house."

"Or round upon the landscape," suggested Saxon, smiling; "for these park trees are as English as the architecture of the house. What is the style, Castletowers?"

"Oh, I don't know. Elizabethan—Tudor—English-Gothic. I suppose they all mean the same thing. Shall I cut down my poor old oaks, Miss Colonna; and plant olives and poplars in their place?"

"Yes, if you will give me the Sabine for the Surrey hills, and an Italian sky overhead."

"I would if I could—I wish it were possible," said Castletowers, earnestly.

"Nay, I always see them," replied Olimpia, with a sigh. "I see them now—so plainly!"

"But you Italians never have the mal de pays," said Saxon.

"How can you tell that, Mr. Trefalden? I think we have."

"No, no. You love your Italy; but you do not suffer in absence as we suffer. The true mal de pays runs in no blood but the Swiss."

"You will not persuade me that you love Switzerland better than we love Italy," said Olimpia.

"But I believe we do," replied Saxon. "Your amor patria is, perhaps, a more intellectual passion than ours. It is bound up with your wonderful history, your pride of blood and pride of place; but I can not help believing that we Swiss do actually cherish a more intense feeling for our native soil."

"For the soil?" repeated Castletowers.

"Yes, for the clay beneath our feet and the peaks above our heads. Our mountains are as dear to us as if they were living things, and could love us back again. They enter into our inner consciousness. They exercise a subtle influence upon our minds, and upon our bodies through our minds. They are a part of ourselves."

"Metaphorically speaking," said the Earl.

"Their effects are not metaphorical," replied Saxon.

"What are their effects?"

"What we were speaking of just now—the mal de pays; the sickness in absence."

"But that is a sickness of the mind," said Olimpia.

"Not at all. It is a physical malady."

"May one inquire how it attacks the patient?" asked the Earl, incredulously.

"Some are suddenly stricken down, as if by a coup de soleil. Some fade slowly away. In either case it is the inexpressible longing, for which there is no cure save Switzerland."

"And supposing that your invalid can not get away—what then?"

"I fear he would die."

The Earl laughed aloud.

"And I fear he would do nothing of the kind," said he. "Depend on it, Trefalden, this is one of those pretty fictions that every body believes and nobody can prove."

"My dear Gervase," said Lady Castletowers, passing the little group as she returned to the house, "Signor Colonna is waiting to speak to you."

Colonna was leaning over the balustrade at the farther end of the terrace, reading a letter. He looked up as the Earl approached, and said, eagerly,

"A dispatch from Baldiserotti! Garibaldi has sailed from Genoa in the Piemonte, and Bixio in the Lombardo. The sword is drawn at last, and the scabbard thrown away!"

The Earl's face flushed with excitement.

"This is great news," said he. "When did it come?"

"With the other letters; but I waited to tell it to you when your mother was not present."

"Does Vaughan know?"

"Not yet. He went to his room when he left the breakfast-table, and I have not seen him since."

"What is the strength of the expedition?"

"One thousand and sixty-seven."

"No more?"

"Thousands more; but they have at present no means of transport. This is but an advanced guard of tried men; chiefly old Cacciatori. Genoa is full of volunteers, all eager to embark."

"I would give ten years from my life to be among them," said Castletowers, earnestly.

The Italian laid his hand caressingly upon the young man's arm.

"Pazienza caro," he replied. "You do good service here. Come with me to my room. There is work for us this morning."

The Earl glanced toward Olimpia and Saxon; opened his lips, as if to speak; checked himself, and followed somewhat reluctantly.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A BROKEN PROMISE.

It must be conceded that Miss Colonna had not made the most of her opportunities. She had not actually withdrawn from the game, but she had failed to follow up her first great move so closely as a less reluctant player might have done. And yet she meant to act this part which she had undertaken. She knew that, if she did so, it must be at the sacrifice of her own peace, of her own womanly self-respect. She was quite aware, too, that it involved a cruel injustice to Saxon Trefalden. But with her, as with all enthusiasts, the greater duty included the less; and she believed that, although it would be morally wrong to do these things for any other end, it would be practically right to do them for Italy.

If she could not bring herself to lead this generous heart astray without a struggle—if she pitied the lad's fate and loathed her own, and shrunk from the path that she was pledged to tread—she did so by reason of the finer part of her nature, but contrary to her convictions of duty. For, to her, Italy was duty; and when her instinctive sense of right stepped in, as it had stepped in now, she blamed herself bitterly.

But this morning's post had brought matters to a crisis. Her father's face, as he handed her the dispatch across the breakfast-table, told her that; and she knew that if she was ever to act decisively, she must act so now. When, therefore, she found herself alone with Saxon on the terrace she scarcely paused to think how she should begin, but plunged at once into her task.

"You *must* not think we love our country less passionately than the Swiss, Mr. Trefalden," she said, quickly. "It needs no mal de pays to prove the heart of a people; and when you know us better, you will, I am sure, be one of the first to acknowledge it. In the mean while I can not be happy till I convince you."

"I am glad you think me worth the trouble of convincing," replied Saxon.

"How should I not? You are a patriot and a republican."

"That I am, heart and soul!" said Saxon, with sparkling eyes.

"We ought to have many sympathies in common."

"Why, so we have. The love of country and the love of liberty are sympathies in common."

"They should be," replied Olimpia; "but, alas! between prosperity and adversity there can be little real fellowship. Yours, Mr. Trefalden, is the happiest country in Europe, and mine is the most miserable."

"I wish yours were not so," said Saxon.

"Wish instead that it may not remain so! Wish that women's tears and brave men's blood may not be shed in vain; nor a whole people be trodden back into slavery for want of a little timely help in the moment of their utmost need!"

"What do you mean?" said Saxon, catching something of her excitement, without knowing why or wherefore.

"I mean that the work to which my father's whole life has been given is at last begun. You know—all the world knows—that Sicily is in arms; but you have not yet been told that an army of liberation is assembling in the north."

"In the north? Then the King of Sardinia—"

"Victor Emanuel is willing enough to reap the harvest watered with our blood," replied Miss Colonna, impetuously; "but he will not offer us even a hearty 'God-speed' at present. No, Mr. Trefalden, ours is an army of volunteers and patriots only—an army of young, brave, and generous hearts that love Italy and liberty, and are ready to die for what they love!"

Beautiful as she was at all times, Saxon had never seen Olimpia Colonna look so beautiful as when she spoke these words. He almost lost the sense of what she said in his admiration of how she looked while saying it. He stammered something unintelligible, and she went on.

"Garibaldi has sailed for Palermo with an advanced-guard. Volunteers are pouring into Genoa from Venice and Milan. Subscriptions are being raised on all hands—in England, in France, in Belgium, in America. A month hence and South Italy will be free or doubly chained. In the mean while we need help; and for that help we look to every lover of liberty. You are a lover of liberty—you are a citizen of a model republic. What will you do for us?"

"Tell me what to do, and I will do it," said Saxon.

"Nay; I might ask too much."

"You can not ask more than I will gladly grant."

Olimpia turned her dazzling smile upon him.

"Beware!" said she. "I may take you at your word. This cause, remember, is more to me than life; and the men who enlist in it are my brothers."

Alas! for Saxon's invulnerability, and his cousin's repeated cautions. Alas! for his promises, his good resolves, and his government stock! He was so far gone that he would have shouldered a musket and stepped into the ranks at that moment to please Miss Colonna.

"These men," she continued, "want every thing that goes to make a soldier—save valor. They are content to accept privation; but they can neither live without food, nor fight without arms, nor cross from shore to shore without means of transport. So take heed, Mr. Trefalden, how you offer more than you are prepared to give. I might say—do you love liberty well enough to supply some thousands of brave men with bread, ships, and muskets; and then, what would be your answer?"

Saxon drew a blank check from his purse, and laid it on the parapet against which she was leaning. He would have knelt down and laid it at her feet in open day, but that he had sense enough left to feel how supremely ludicrous the performance would be.

"There is my answer," he said.

Miss Colonna's heart gave a great leap of triumph, and the color flashed into her face. She took a tiny pencil-case from her watch-chain—a mere toy of gold and jewels—and hastily penciled some figures in the corner of the check.

"Will you do this for Italy?" she said, in a breathless whisper.

"I will double it for *you!*" replied Saxon, passionately.

"For me, Mr. Trefalden!"

Saxon was dumb. He feared he had offended her. He trembled at his temerity, and did not dare to lift his eyes to her face.

Finding he made no answer, she spoke again, in a soft, tremulous tone that would have turned the head of St. Kevan himself.

"Why for me? What am I that you should do more for me than for my country?"

"I—I would do any thing for you," faltered Saxon.

"Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as that I—"

The lad checked himself. He would have said, "as that I love you," but he lacked courage to pronounce the words. Miss Colonna knew it, however, as well as if he had said it.

"Would you jump into the sea for me, like Schiller's diver?" she asked, with a sudden change of mood, and a laugh like a peal of silver bells.

"That I would!"

"Or in among the fighting lions, like the Count de Lorge?"

"I know nothing about the Count de Lorge, but I would do for you all that a brave man dare do for a fair lady," replied Saxon, boldly.

"Thanks," she said, and her smile became graver as she spoke. "I think you mean what you say."

"I do. Indeed I do!"

"I believe it. Some day, perhaps, I shall put you to the proof."

With this she gave him her hand, and he—scarcely knowing what he did, but feeling that he would cheerfully march up to a battery, or jump out of a balloon, or lie down in the path of an express train for her sake—kissed it!

And then he was so overwhelmed by the knowledge of what he had done that he scarcely noticed how gently Miss Colonna withdrew her hand from his, and turned away.

He watched her across the terrace. She did not look back. She went thoughtfully forward, thoughtfully and slowly, with her hands clasped loosely together and her head a little bent; but her bearing was not that of a person in anger. When she had passed into the house Saxon drew a deep breath, stood for a moment irresolute, and presently swung himself lightly over the parapet and plunged into the park.

His head was in a whirl, and he wandered about for the first half hour or so in a tumult of rapturous wonder and exultation—and then he suddenly remembered that he had broken his promise to William Trefalden!

In the mean while Olimpia went up to her father's study in the turret, and stood before him, pale and stern, like a marble statue of herself.

Colonna looked up, and pushed his papers aside.

"Well!" he said, eagerly, "what speed?"

"This."

Saying which she took a pen, deliberately filled in double the sum penciled on the margin, and laid Saxon's check before him on the table.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Table of Interest.—The dinner-table.

Not long ago the rector of a parish in ——shire was surprised by a request from an old woman in his village, that he would give her a seat in the church quite close to the pulpit. "Why, Molly," said he, "you're not deaf; surely you can hear my sermons very well where you now sit." "Yes, Sir," said the old woman, "that be true enough; but you see there be Betty Stubbs, and Bill Jones, and Mary Walker sitting right in front of me with their mouths all wide open, and taking it all in, and by the time it reaches O! it's werry poor stuff indeed."

Which is the oldest tree known to man?—The *elder* tree, of course.

Marriage Notices.—A Western paper gives the following notice: "All notice of marriage, where no bridecake is sent, will be set up in small type, and poked into some outlandish corner of the papers. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, it will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends the ceremony in *propriâ personâ*, and kisses the bride, it will have especial notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, stolen, or coined from the brain editorial."

Chance for a Spinster.—A young man in Aroostook County, Maine, advertising for a wife, speaks of himself as follows: "I am eighteen years old, have a good set of teeth, and believe in Andy Johnson, the star-spangled banner, and the 4th of July. I have taken up a State lot, cleared up eighteen acres last year, and seeded ten of it down. My buckwheat looks first-rate, and the oats and potatoes are bully. I have got nine sheep, a two-year-old bull, and two heifers, besides a house and barn. I want to get married. I want to buy bread-and-butter, hoop-skirts, and waterfalls for some person of the female persuasion during life. That's what's the matter with me. But I don't know how to do it."

A lady excused her extreme love for diamonds and other precious stones by saying, "They are the only bright things which never fade on earth."

What is it we all frequently say we will do, and no one has ever yet done?—Stop a minute.

A TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

Midas (we read), with wondrous art, of old,
Whate'er he touched at once transformed to gold;
This modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
Touch *them* with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

Spicy Grumbling.—"What is the use of living?" snarled a veteran grumbler the other day. "We are flogged for crying when we are babies—flogged because the master is cross when we are boys—obliged to toil, sick or well, or starve, when we are men—to work still harder (and suffer something worse!) when we are husbands—and, after exhausting life and strength in the service of other people, die, and leave our children to quarrel about the possession of father's watch; and our wives—*to catch somebody else.*"

In walking turn your toes outward but your thoughts inward.

Shocking Cruelty.—A small boy, while loitering on an errand in the neighborhood of a pillar-box, observed an old gentleman, of seemingly humane appearance, deliberately dispatching a letter. The inhuman murder was reported to the authorities, and the police are on the track.

An old gentleman accused his servant of having stolen his stick. The man protested perfect innocence. "Why, you know," rejoined his master, "that the stick could never have walked off with itself." "Certainly not, Sir, unless it was a walking stick."

An unsophisticated alderman, on being told that the Italians and French have no *w* in their languages, informed his informant that he "couldn't fool him in that way;" and knowingly wanted to know how they could spell wagon, or wealth, or woman, or wine, without a *w*.

We regret to say that plants will occasionally become disorderly. Several quite young slips in our garden may be observed striking; and we have even seen a mignonnette box!

Summary of Wedded Bliss.—Heaven bless the wives, they fill our hives with little bees and honey! They ease life's shocks, they mend our socks, but—don't they spend the money? When we are sick, they heal us quick—that is, if they do love us; if not, we die, and yet they cry, and raise tombstones above us.

The more you contract debts the more they expand.

Why is a thief your only true philosopher?—Because he regards every thing from an *abstract point of view*, is opposed to all notions of protection, and is open to conviction.

"In my mind there are always three objections to a glass of brandy, after all," said an old toper to an amazed company of young drinkers, who had never seen "the veteran" refuse a glass of any thing spirituous. "How so?" was the general response. "Because there *must* be *three scruples* to a dram, you know."

A wag says it is "folly to expect a girl to love a man whom every body speaks well of. Get up a persecution, and her affections will cling so fast that a dozen guardians can't begin to remove them."

My Dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Comparisons are Odorous.—Our packing-box maker asks what is the difference betweed a carpenter's shop and the main sewer? In the latter there's a deal o' smell, in the former a smell o' deal.

How to Receive a Proposal.—You ought to take it kind, looking downhill, with an expreshun about half tickled and half scart. After the pop iz over, if yure luvver wants tew kiss you, I don't think I would say yes or no, but let the thing kind ov take its own course.

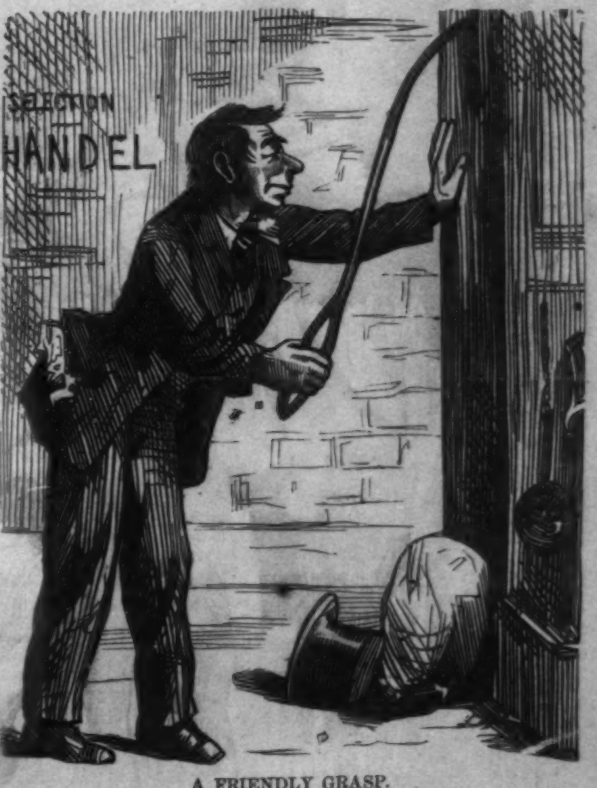
An Oxford saddler sold a saddle, but forgot who was the customer; so he told his clerk to charge it in all the bills sent out. He afterward confessed that thirty-two paid for it!

What is the difference between the punctual arrival of a train and a collision?—The former is *quite* an accident; the latter isn't.

A strange Fact.—Diamonds and other precious stones are of a peaceable nature, yet when placed in the ear-ring they may be set by the ears.

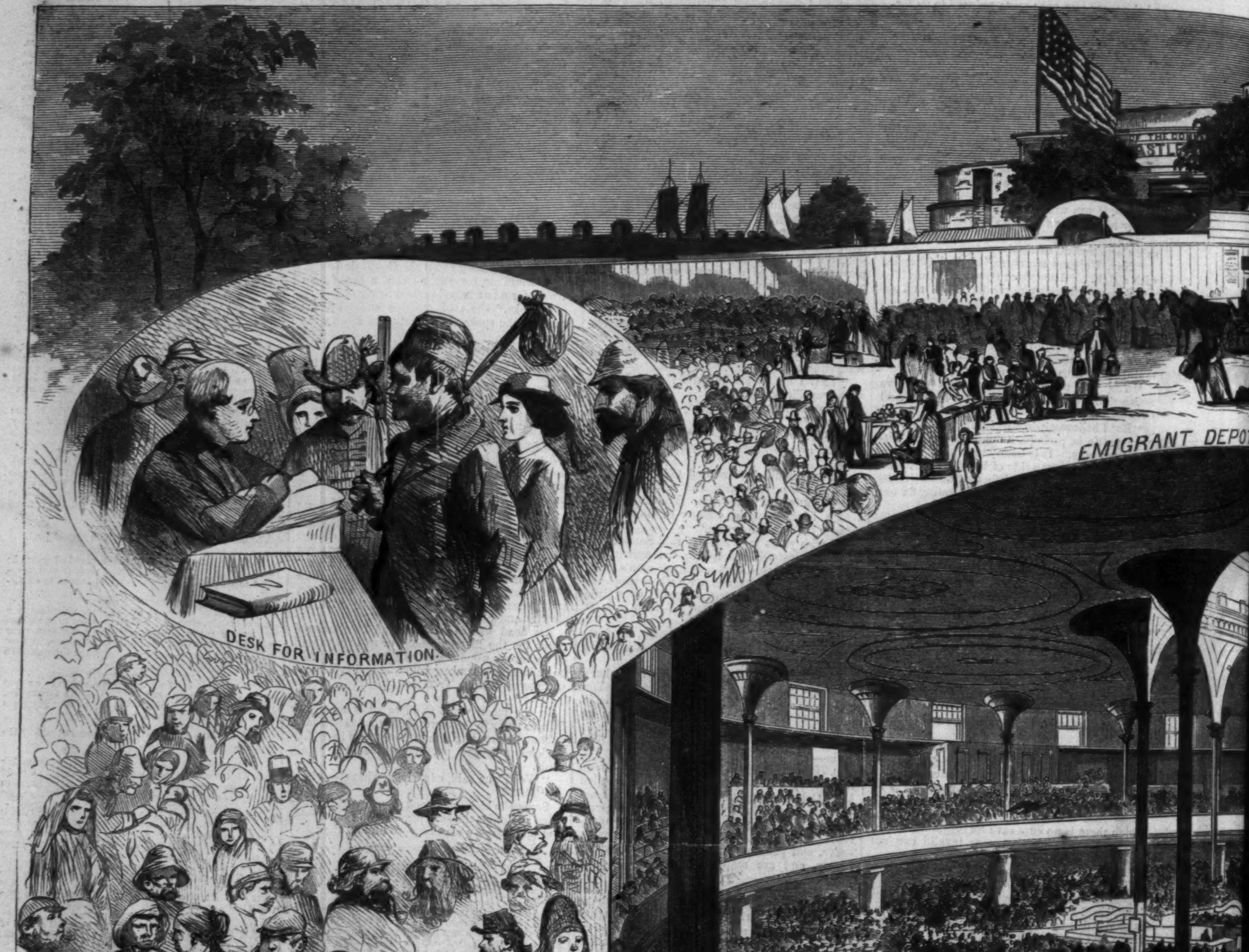
The system on which Brigham Young conducts his matrimonial affairs: Quick returns and small *prophets*.

A Western editor must be in a bad fix. Having dunned a subscriber for his subscription, he not only refused to pay, but threatened to flog the editor if he stopped the paper.



A FRIENDLY GRASP.

Gentleman (*slightly "the wus," to Pump, with whom he is by no means acquainted*). "Well, good-night, old F'ler! but, I shay, *how cold your hand is!!*"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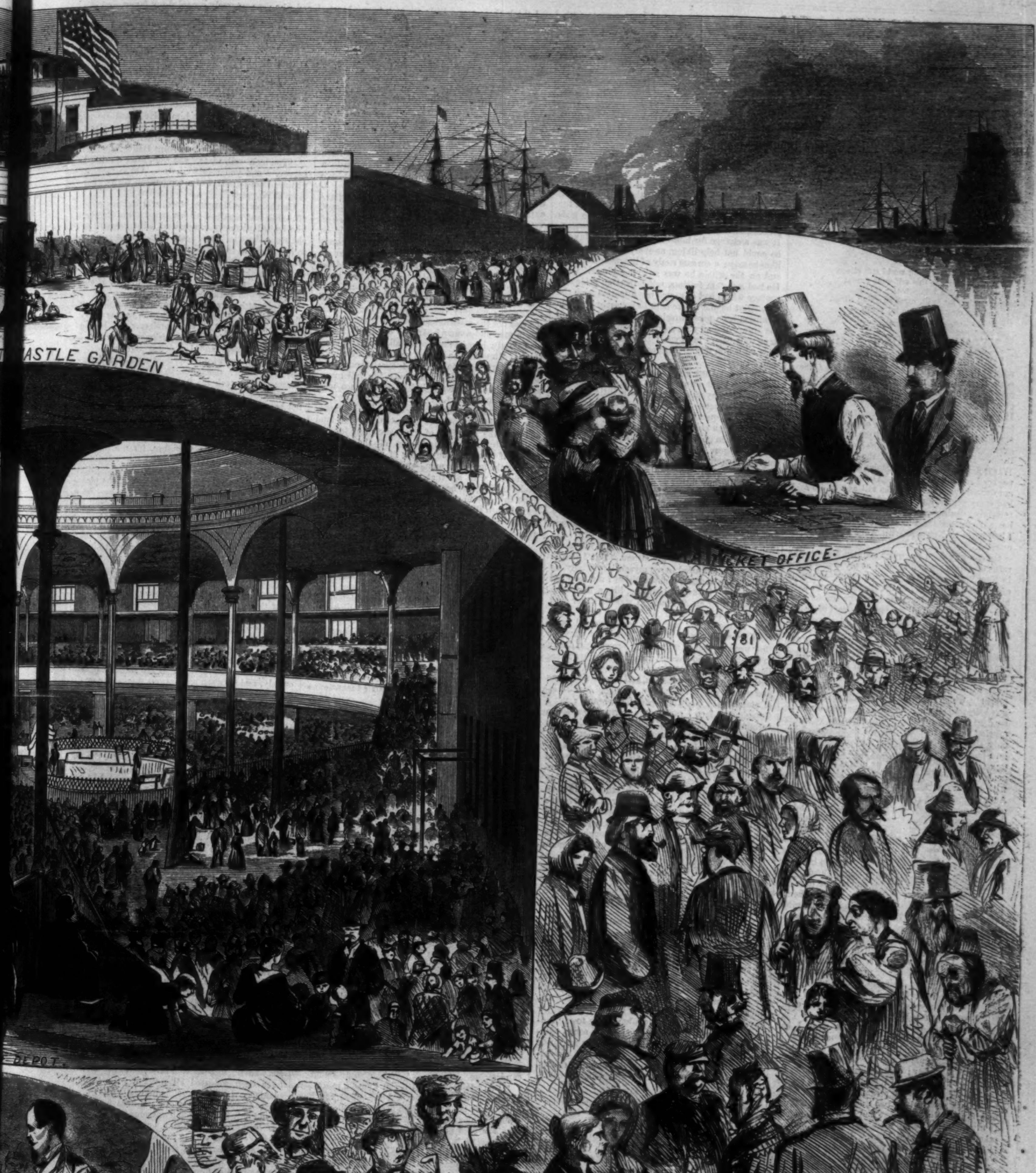
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FOR.

YORK CITY.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 550.]

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

'Twas a beautiful dream of the ancient time,
Of the wondrous minds of old;
That fountain that could renew the prime,
The beauty, the purple light sublime,
That deifies mortal mould.

But, alas! though fresh as the dewy dawn
The lov'd one's form may be;
And though crowned with such light as might have shone
From the brow which had through the stream passed on
To immortality;

Yet it blooms and dies, with sure decay,
For there's naught so sure as change;
Ay, mortal! thy spirit is flitting away
As thou pond'rest the riddle of thy short day,
With thy reason's shorter range.

But the poets, who lived, and hoped, and dreamed,
In that old time, long ago,
'Neath the myth of the fountain may have deemed
It a water of life, for its baptism seemed
Of a higher life to show.

And this toiling, travailing world still clings,
In each round, to this self-same truth;
And each pulsation brings better things—
More yearning for swift, earth-spurning wings,
And the crown of immortal youth.

MY AUNT DAGON'S MISSION.

I HAD come to Newport, as my Aunt Dagon expressed it, to see a little of the world; but *I* knew perfectly well that my business there was to get married. Aunt Dagon had already married off two of my sisters, and now she had taken me in hand. It promised to be her most difficult achievement, for I was not beautiful like the others. To make amends they had accomplished me to the last degree. Did you want opera airs?—here you had them. Ballads?—I sang all the tenderest ones. Was it reading?—An elocutionist of note had pronounced me his best pupil. Or dancing?—had I not danced ever since I was as tall as a violin? I had some genius, and that helped. I had tastes, certainly; feelings, probably; should have had a heart if circumstances had admitted of it; and yet I had come to Newport with Aunt Dagon to get married.

On our way from my quiet country home to the scene of action we had stopped at my aunt's house in New York, and made ready our armor—weapons of offense and defense, in the shape of round hats, hats à la-cavalier, bonnets, veils, dresses for each hour in the day, and all the lesser matters of sashes, gloves, fans, and handkerchiefs. Aunt Dagon was not naturally lavish on other people, but she did things thoroughly well, and was determined her campaign should not fail for want of ammunition, though she grumbled a little at war prices.

She was a childless widow, and very rich; or at least with the yearly income from a very large property, which after her death would revert to Dagon heirs; so all she could do for her own kin must be done in her lifetime. She regarded it as her mission in life to marry off the daughters of her only sister, my mother, who had wedded on the love-in-a-cottage principle, and then filled that cottage full of girls. Already, by means of Aunt Dagon's skillful management, Kate was Mrs. Lorilard, with a house on Madison Square as handsome as Aunt Dagon's own, and only the slight encumbrance of a husband, blasé, unprincipled, selfish, and a dozen years older than herself. Margaret was Mrs. Minturn, and *her* husband was a man of whom no one could be ashamed, with other endowments besides wealth. The only trouble was that Margaret did not love him, and had loved, ever since her days of pinafores and pantalets, a certain ne'er-do-weel lad at home. But she had too much sense to make a romantic marriage; and if Mr. Minturn found her a statue-like sort of wife, he had no tangible ground for complaint in her cool self-possession, and the faultless but icy grace with which she did the honors of his establishment. She appeared, certainly, the very last woman in the world to be sentimental over old memories. Still, truth to tell, I don't know that either of my sisters was happy enough to make me desire to change places with her; yet, like the rest, I had been Dagonized into a belief that I must marry money and position, or my career would be a failure.

Before I had been in Newport a week I had ceased to speculate about people in general, though, of course, I danced and bathed and drove and flirted with whoever came in my way, after the manner of Newport society; and succeeded, too, quite beyond the expectations of my kinswoman in rendering myself generally agreeable. But my real interest was confined to two men, of whom I was making a study. The one had been recommended to my attention by my aunt—the other had unconsciously recommended himself by some words I had heard him say one evening. Of course Mr. Vandervoort deserves first mention. He was worth more than half a million of money. His name was an old one. He was thorough-bred, all through—a gentleman by education and inheritance. The culture of a long line of polished ancestors had culminated in him, the only Vandervoort of his family in this generation. It was no wonder that Aunt Dagon's eyes were dazzled, or that she enlarged with enthusiasm upon his good points.

"If you only *could* win him, Marcia," she had said, drawing a long breath. "If you had been as handsome as Kate or Margaret I should have had some hope; but now it is so desperately improbable that—"

"That perhaps I had better try where there is a more reasonable prospect of success?" I suggested, coolly finishing for her the sentence at which she had hesitated.

Maurice Trépier was a man of a different type; younger, not handsomer, perhaps, unless to those who judge a face by its expression. He was—what shall I call him?—scarcely an author, for he had published no books—*litterateur*, perhaps. He had nothing to depend on in life but his own brains, and so he was making his way slowly. He had got himself through college, what with teaching and economizing, and now he had engagements with one or two papers, and as many magazines, for which he wrote regularly. On the proceeds he lived in a manner not beneath the dignity of a gentleman; though all he earned in a year would not have been enough to buy the amount of feminine fineries my aunt had provided for my summer expedition. You see no one could possibly have been more ineligible.

He was at Newport as the guest of a great political magnate, who spent his summers there. Trépier had advocated with all the energy of his pen some measures which the great man had enthusiastically at heart—advocated them in all sincerity, quite unprepared for the gratitude which sought him out and insisted on making a friend of him—a gratitude tinged, possibly, with the hope of making that vigorous pen of farther use hereafter. On the principle of taking thankfully the goods the gods provide, he had accepted the invitation to Newport. It was a change for him—a glimpse of the luxury he could not help liking, as every æsthetic nature likes beauty; a curious study of life and character; and on the whole he was enjoying himself well. He had a certain fearless, self-respecting pride and courage which had attracted my attention from the first. But he and I were both in precisely the same condition—too poor ourselves to be able to afford the luxury of marrying poverty; and with this fact kept well before my eyes I thought an acquaintance with him might be interesting without being dangerous.

After what Aunt Dagon had said about Mr. Vandervoort I went away to my own room, and sat down before my mirror to study a little my face and my prospects. My sister Kate was a brunette—dashing, piquant, inexpressibly brilliant. She had great dark eyes, ripe red lips, cheeks whereon a rich crimson glowed, heavy black hair, and a full, tempting figure. She resembled my mother, that impetuous mother who had married for love. Margaret was equally beautiful, in a different way. She was like my father—all Ayrault. She had a certain proud imperiousness, a haughty grace, which became well her blonde beauty. She had hair literally golden in color, blue eyes, a figure not very full, but tall and stately, features exquisitely cut, and the most perfect complexion I ever saw. As Aunt Dagon so often lamented, I could not at all compare with either of my sisters. But I looked in the glass, and tried to see myself impartially, as if I had been another, and the vision I met was not unpleasing. I was not brunette, like a Beresford, or blonde, like an Ayrault. I was "neither dark nor fair." It was a sort of twilight face. Eyes that, neither black nor blue, compromised on a clear brown—eyes of which I had to be wary, or they would reveal all my secrets; brown hair, dusky in the shadow, and bronzed with golden lights where the sun struck it; features not very regular, but not without spirit and expression, and a color that came and went with every emotion. Judged by classical standards, I could not pass for a beauty; yet I thought the face I saw in the mirror possessed a certain charm of its own, and I deliberately made up my mind to try its power on Mr. Vandervoort.

Then I dressed—an operation about which I seldom took much trouble, for all my costumes had been chosen by Aunt Dagon's practiced eye with regard to their effectiveness, and I indued myself in them with confidence. To-night, though, in spite of my newly-formed designs on Mr. Vandervoort's peace, I felt a curious sense of spontaneity and youthfulness, a disinclination to act a part. To-morrow, I thought, would be time enough to begin—to-night let me just look on at other people's games, myself the most unobtrusive of watchers. So I put on my simplest evening dress—a white tarleton with delicate violet trimmings. Then I fastened a bunch of double English violets in my hair, and another on my bosom, and went down stairs.

The parlors were nearly deserted, for I was later down than most. The moon was full, and some had gone to the beach to see the tide come in, others were sauntering round the grounds, or walking to and fro on the piazza. Aunt Dagon sat on a sofa talking polite scandal with a group of dowagers round her. I went to the piano, for I honestly loved music, and now, with no disturbing element near, I thought I could sit down and enjoy myself. At first my fingers kept time to my fancies. I played some of Mendelssohn's songs without words, with their sweetness subtle as the music we hear in dreams. At last my fingers, wandering among the tender, tremulous minor chords, struck an accompaniment to which, half involuntarily, I began to sing:

"Sweet is true love though given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death that puts an end to pain:
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be:
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O Love! if death be sweeter, let me die.

"Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away—
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I."

Just as I sang the last line two gentlemen came toward me whose presence I had not suspected. Mr. Vandervoort came from where he had been standing in the shadow of some drapery—Mr. Trépier came through an open window from the piazza outside. He reached me first.

"Miss Ayrault," he said, in a low tone, as I looked up at him, "you puzzle me. I had not thought to hear that song at Newport or from you. What have you to do with death or love? Are you not Mrs. Dagon's niece, Mrs. Lorilard's sister—a young lady of fashion?"

"Saul among the prophets," I said, a little bitterly. And then Mr. Vandervoort came up, with his polished courtesy, which pleased me just then more than ever before.

"If you knew how much I felt your singing you would also know how impossible I should find it to thank you," he said. "But after that song we must hear no other. Won't you walk out a while? The night is perfect."

I think there was a little triumph in my heart, which my betraying eyes must have revealed as I took his arm and bowed to Mr. Trépier. He returned my bow with a glimmer of amusement, perhaps of satire, in his smile, which vexed me and made me lend a more gracious ear to Mr. Vandervoort.

We walked to and fro for an hour. I confess that I was a little elated by his attention. It was what every single woman there was striving for, and I should have been more than woman not to appreciate the compliment it conveyed. There was something very fascinating about him too. He was handsomer at thirty-five than he could have been when ten years younger—handsome, with a mature manliness which women estimate far above any boyish grace. Yet something was wanting—a subtle something which I felt but could not have expressed. I knew that if I married Mr. Vandervoort—handsome, gracious, courtly, worthy even of respect as he undoubtedly was—there would be hours and moods in which I should be most utterly alone. I knew that one part of my nature would be entirely unwedded; that for me earth and sea and sky had a language which he would never hear. These thoughts passed through my mind rapidly; and then I speculated whether it was not so in all marriages; whether the difference that troubled me was not the essential and integral difference between man and woman? If only one loved dearly, was dearly loved—that, after all, was the great thing! It would be girlish sentiment merely to expect every mood to be shared, every thought understood. So I walked on, under the full moon, and in sight of the great, glorious, shifting sea, with Ignatius Vandervoort.

There was witchery in the hour—in the scene. The sparkling, evanescent glory that silvered land and sea; the low rime of the tide coming in; the melancholy, murmurous voices of the summer night; if there was any thing of poetry or sentiment in the heart of a man—any thing which claimed kinship with all that was lofty, all that was tender in the great heart of nature—surely this hour must bring it to the surface. Under its influence we fell into silence; but still, as two in a dream, we walked on. At last Mr. Vandervoort stopped, and looked by the moonlight into my eyes.

"What is this spell you have for me, Miss Ayrault?" he asked. "Your influence over me is curious. I have never felt the same before. I must see more of you, and try to understand it."

He had spoken with singular transparency, of which I think he had hardly been conscious. I knew his train of thought as well as he himself did—knew that he was mentally saying:

"How curiously this girl, whom I have known so short a time, interests me! Is it possible that I am in love with her? If I am, I might as well marry her. But I must be cautious—make sure; it will not do to hazard any thing. I must be certain that I shall be happier as a married man before I give up my freedom."

Just so far, I knew, his speculations went. That I would accept him if he asked me he had not the shadow of a doubt. How should he have, when all the women he knew had entered into combination to flatter him?—when he had become accustomed to be angled for?

I thought he had gone far enough for that night—that I could trust him not to forget me before the next day—so I made a movement to go in.

When I bade Aunt Dagon good-night in her own room, as was my habit, she said nothing of Mr. Vandervoort, judicious old campaigner that she was! knowing when to let well enough alone. She only kissed me with what I fully understood to be a kiss of approval.

My sister Kate—have I mentioned that Mrs. Lorilard and Mrs. Minturn were both at Newport?—met me on the stairs as I went up, and stopped to whisper gayly, "Bravo, brown-eyed Marcia! You will be better than any of us, in spite of your *nez retroussé!*"

Last of all, Margaret came into my room while I was undressing. She looked as I had never seen her look before—strangely moved and excited. She watched me while my aunt's maid brushed out my hair and put it up in crimping-pins, with a restless glitter in her blue eyes and a color feverishly bright on her cheeks. Then, when we were alone, she cried, abruptly:

"Marcia, it would be very easy for you to make that man love you. I have never seen him so much interested in any one before."

"What man?" I asked, with an affectation of carelessness.

"Don't trifle, Marcia! You know I mean Mr. Vandervoort. Don't marry him unless you love him. Don't let Aunt Dagon persuade you. I know what her powers are. A woman who marries a man she does not love sins against her own soul. Don't *you* do it. I tell you if you do you will repent it all your life. If you love him, very well. If you don't, remember the whole world won't profit you if, to gain it, you lose your own soul."

I looked at my sister in amazement. I had never before at all understood the depth and passion of her nature. All these years that she had seemed so cold had this wild fire burned at her heart? Had her early love been so deep—her married life so hollow? She understood my thoughts.

"Yes," she said, sadly: "I know that I at once reveal and humiliate myself; but that is nothing if I can save you."

Then she kissed me with burning, feverish lips, and went away.

When she was gone I threw open my window and sat down before it. In the distance rolled the shifting, tremulous sea, with the wonderful moonlight brightness flooding it. From it a wind blew up, cooling the fever of my cheek. Under that moon, toward that sea, I had walked with Mr. Vandervoort. Did I—could I ever—love him? I thought I could, if there were a little less power in the magnetism of Maurice Trépier. Why had my evil fate brought *him* to Newport—a man whom I could never marry—who had even that night looked and spoken with an irony under which I winced, and who yet perversely occupied my fancy, and remained in my mind as a standard of comparison by which I tried other men and found them wanting? After all, did I not like better the gracious dignity of Mr. Vandervoort? Then I tried to decide what I should think of them if they were both rich, or both poor—found the result of my musings unsatisfactory, shut my window, and went to bed.

The next day Mr. Vandervoort seemed resolved to pursue his investigations—to understand the secret of my influence over him. He asked me to ride with him. I went down with my long black habit, my Tudor hat and scarlet feather, and stopped on the way to say good-by to Aunt Dagon.

"You look well, niece," she said, after a critical survey, "and you ride well, too. On horseback you need not be afraid of a comparison with either Kate or Margaret."

On the piazza Margaret stood, waiting to see me off. She had regained all her usual calm dignity. She looked perfectly happy and self-possessed, as she stood there in her delicate lilac dress, listening to her husband as he talked politics with Mr. Trépier. But she turned away to whisper in my ear a sentence which no one else heard:

"Marcia, what shall it profit a woman if she gain the whole world and lose herself?"

In spite of her warning, however, I took pleasure in my ride. My horse was splendid, as was every thing that belonged to Mr. Vandervoort. Riding was one of the society accomplishments in which I had been trained, and I enjoyed it excessively. There was no opportunity for sentiment, but I perceived a tender deference in Mr. Vandervoort's manner, as he took me from my horse on our return, which convinced me that my morning had not been thrown away.

That evening Mr. Trépier approached me gravely.

"The moon rises later to-night, Miss Ayrault—is not quite so full. The night will be less splendid, and more suitable, therefore, for me than for Mr. Vandervoort. Will you give me a little of it?"

I was not in the humor to deny myself the pleasure I could not help taking in his society. As a matter of policy, moreover, it was just as well for Mr. Vandervoort not always to find me disengaged. So even Aunt Dagon did not frown when I walked off with Maurice Trépier. Her trust in my common-sense was of course too great for her to imagine any danger.

I can hardly tell what we talked about—the night, at first, I think, and the sea. Then from the sea's immensity, I know, we got to speaking about the immensity of unknown worlds—the future in which all this life's factitious glory and greatness would be as nothing, and only the "real I am" could confront the solemn judgment of Heaven. And, as we talked, the conviction stole slowly into my mind that for me nothing was wanting in Maurice Trépier—that he suited me thoroughly, and between our natures was no jar or discordance. I did not fancy myself in love with him. I still looked upon that as a thing that must not, and therefore could not be—I only knew that, if Fate had endowed either of us with a fortune, I could have found in him the answer to all my heart's needs.

The hour with its beauty and mystery, the talk about the things most sacred to us both—eternal verities of which it was impossible to speak lightly—had brought us strangely near to each other; made us better acquainted than weeks of ordinary intercourse would have done. It was a strange coincidence that he spoke at last in almost the same words which Mr. Vandervoort had used.

"What is this spell you have for me—a spell which no woman ever had before?"

Then there was silence—a silence in which we heard only the miraculous rime of the sea, the solemn voices of the night—a silence which at length he broke.

"Miss Ayrault, I know what the spell is. It is the harmony between your soul and mine. I could love you, I know, with all the force of my being. If I were not a poor man I should ask you to be my wife. I made scarcely twelve hundred dollars last year—what would that do for us?"

"It would buy half the fineries, perhaps, with which Aunt Dagon provided me for this Newport campaign." And then, impelled by the perfect harmony in our natures, I went on as if I had been thinking aloud, with a frankness at which I wondered myself as much as he could.

"No, it would never do. I too believe that we could love each other well, but we *must* not. If *you* were not discontented afterward *I* should be. I have been educated all my life with a view to making a rich marriage, as my sisters have. It is what Aunt Dagon brought me here for now. I should only hamper you if we came together. You, too, ought to marry money, or at least to be free to make your own way in the world unfettered."

"*I* should have no fears," he said, with that calm self-reliance which had such a charm for me; "but if *you* would be discontented afterward it is another matter. I must not urge you. Only we shall both know all our lives that a full, perfect happiness just missed us."

Then we went in.

At the door he asked me for the bunch of English violets which I wore. They were my favorite flower, and I put on a fresh bunch every evening.

"They are not worth giving," I said. "Don't you know their fragrance is the shortest lived in the world? To-morrow, no matter what care you take of them, they will be scentless as withered leaves."

"All the fitter reminder they will be, then, of a dream too sweet to last," he said; and then I gave them to him.

The next day Mr. Vandervoort—having at length, I suppose, satisfied himself that my attraction for him was a real thing—asked me to marry him. His words, though calm, were very earnest and tender, and yet they failed utterly to touch my heart. Whatever spell *I* had for Mr. Vandervoort *he* had none for me. Still I had not the present strength decidedly to refuse him. Here lay, right within my grasp, the prize for which my whole life had been a preparatory struggle. I had made up my mind that to marry Maurice Trépier was out of the question, and I certainly did not intend to live single. What could I ask, then, more or better than Mr. Vandervoort? A man rich by inheritance, well-born, well-bred, of stainless character, and honestly in love with me! I must be blind indeed to my own interest to let such a prize slip through my fingers. Yet I was not quite prepared to wear the glittering diamond fetter which I knew was ready for me. I put off my decision for a week, and took that time to reconcile myself to my destiny.

Meanwhile I kept my own counsel. Neither Aunt Dagon nor either of my sisters knew that he had proposed to me. But they saw his constant attentions, and my aunt's manner grew blander than ever. I was in a state of utter indecision myself. I liked Mr. Vandervoort thoroughly—I was not even sure that I might not have loved him a little if I had not seen another whom I knew I could love a great deal. Then I was ambitious—it was inseparable from such a rearing as I had had. I loved luxury and ease—of self-denial and privation I was not fond. I had seen enough of them in my own home, where a large family had been brought up on small means, though each of us had our turn, at eighteen, of flowering into splendor under Aunt Dagon's auspices. As Mr. Vandervoort's wife I could have the delight of being forever regardless of expense. What a temptation it was! I very nearly made up my mind to that destiny.

At length came the very last night of my week of probation. The next morning I thought I was going to say yes to Mr. Vandervoort. Meantime I had one evening of freedom, and therein I meant to rejoice.

Some one asked me to sing, and I gave them an opera air or two—I was in no mood then for tender love-songs from Tennyson. When I rose from the piano Maurice Trépier was beside me.

"I am going to leave Newport to-morrow," he said. "Shall I infringe on any one's right if I ask you to indulge me with one last little walk?"

For the whole week past he had seemed to avoid me. He had been resolved, evidently, that he would not interfere with my ambition. I could not resist his pleading eyes, now—or my own heart, which pleaded as well. So we went out.

This night there was no moon—only the stars shone with a clear, far-off, unsympathizing light. Silence and mystery were on the waters, and silence was between us. It seemed as if neither of us had any thing to say, in the shadow of that near parting which was to separate us for years, or forever. Who knew if any wave of Time would ever strand us again on the same shore? He spoke at length, when we had reached a little height, where we stood still, and looked off over the dark, ever-murmuring waters.

"I loved you well, Marcia," he said; "will you remember it?"

I answered his question with another.

"Do you know how utterly poor I am?"

"Poor in purse, yes; rich in what I most value."

"Are you sure if I had married you, and you had had to struggle on for us both, you would never have regretted it?"

"Regretted it! Oh, Marcia, if you would have tried me!"

What tenderness, what longing, thrilled in his voice!

"I think I will," I said, softly.

"Mr. Vandervoort! Are you not engaged to him?"

"No; I have been laboring to make up my mind to be. I was to give him his answer to-morrow. I think I will give it to him to-night instead."

"And you mean it, Marcia? Mean that you will try life with me, poverty and all?"

"Yes, I mean it."

What we said in the next half hour I will not repeat, for I aspire to the reputation of a woman of sense. By the end of it we had begun to plan out our future, and were gay and happy as two children.

"I suppose all your fineries, put together, Marcia, did not cost Aunt Dagon above two thousand dollars, did they?" he asked, gravely, as we were going in.

"Just about that, I imagine."

"Well, we'll pay her—I have just that sum saved up—and you'll feel independent, and she'll have no loss to bear except her disappointment."

"Why, she wouldn't take it, you foolish fellow!" and I laughed at his earnestness. You shall keep it, instead, to furnish the little Paradise where I'm to play Eve to your Adam."

"And where, please God, the serpent shall never come," he said, his merriment replaced by tender seriousness.

I went in and chanced to meet Mr. Vandervoort—he had been looking for me, I think. "May I speak to you a moment?" I asked.

He bowed, and went out on the piazza with me, evidently wondering at my manner.

"I would not wait till to-morrow," I said, as soon as we were alone. "I thought it wrong to keep you a moment in suspense, after I knew my own heart. I honor you so truly, and care for you so much, that it is a real pain to have to say that I do not also love you."

He looked absolutely struck dumb with surprise. The idea of loving in vain had evidently never been familiar to his imagination.

"You mean that you will not marry me?" he asked, after a moment.

"That I *can not*," I said, "because I do not love you as a wife ought."

Then he suggested something about time; and I told him frankly of my engagement to Mr. Trépier.

His manner changed instantly.

"I am glad you told me that," he said, with real warmth. "You have convinced me that there is one woman whom gold can not win. Trépier has nothing but himself, and I—"

"You are the rich Mr. Vandervoort," I said, "but I never could have married you without loving you. Believe me I did not mean to trifle. I thought I *could* love you at first."

"At least," he answered, "you have taught me to honor you, and we can be friends."

That night, too, I told Aunt Dagon. I knew I should feel better if I had it all well over.

"I am ready to leave Newport to-morrow, if you please," I said to her.

"Is your work done? Are you engaged?" she asked, with an eagerness which for once made her thoroughly honest.

"Yes, to Maurice Trépier."

She looked steadily into my eyes. She read there, I imagine, a resolution with which she knew it would be of no use to contend. She was not a woman given to vain words. She only asked if I had told Mr. Vandervoort, and when I answered yes, she said, grimly:

"Well, then, your work *is* done. But we may as well stay our time out. You will never see Newport again, probably."

The next day Mr. Trépier went away; and the next week Mr. Vandervoort. After that we staid nearly two months longer. Aunt Dagon was not unkind, though I knew the failure of her mission in my behalf troubled her.

But she is not ungenerous after all. This summer she has spent the money which would have bought a bridal offering of plate or jewels for Mrs. Vandervoort in furnishing the sweetest cottage for our home—Maurice's and mine. So we shall have his two thousand dollars to keep, as my aunt says, for a nest-egg—a *small* one, she adds, with a touch of the old grimness. But I shall never envy Kate or Margaret.

PUBLIC LOCOMOTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

From Dr. DRAPER'S "Thoughts on American Civil Policy," shortly to be published by Harper & Brothers.

TALLEYRAND, when speaking of the United States to the Emperor Napoleon, made this remark: "It is a giant without bones." That was before there were any railroads; but since his day the bones have begun to grow, and they are bones of iron.

Now, since there is an unceasing tendency to the modification of the human system by the operation of climate, and evils ensue both by a community coming into repose, which is politically falling into a stagnant condition, and by the antagonisms that arise between conterminous communities that have thus passed into different states, it is very plain that the thing of primary importance to be accomplished is, as far as may be possible, to prevent such climate actions reaching their full effect. This can only be done by promoting locomotion.

It is therefore unwise to give legislative encouragement to any thing that may tend to make communities, or even families, too stationary. Fortunately, the intentions of the statesman, in this respect, are greatly facilitated by the established usages respecting the inheritance of property and the incessant breaking up of estates. Not less effectual is the system of agriculture, if such it can be called, that we pursue—our practice of killing land. A soil that has undergone exhaustion of certain of its essential ingredients, as bone-earth, potash, or the like, can not be economically restored. It is much cheaper to abandon the ruined estate and move to the virgin lands of the West. That love of the homestead, so characteristic of the settled populations of Europe, can scarcely be said to exist among us. The children leave their father's hearth without reluctance, for he is perpetually anticipating leaving it himself. It might have been feared—perhaps was feared by many observant persons—that this loss of local patriotism would imply the loss of national sentiment, but the experience of the civil war has shown the incorrectness of such a foreboding. The history of the world can not furnish a more splendid example of unwavering fortitude, unshrinking self-sacrifice, in vindication of national life. The acts of which it has been our privilege to be eye-witnesses, will by future generations of Americans be pointed to with pride as the greatest glory of their history—an incentive in their inevitable march to imperial greatness, a firm support in their days of trial.

The customs and usages of American domestic life have, therefore, to a certain extent, made us a locomotive people. Not without reason have many foreign travelers affirmed that we are essentially a nomadic race. It is well for our future that we are so.

It should be a settled principle of American legislation to encourage in every possible manner facilities for intercommunication, to repress in the most effectual way any thing that might possibly act as a restraint.

From the results of the policy that has been pursued in the case of the Post-office system very valuable suggestions may be gathered. By reducing the cost of the transmission of letters and newspapers to the smallest possible amount conspicuous social advantages have been gained. The family tie has been knit in spite of separation, the public intellect has been enlarged by the diffusion of general information. That mental activity which arises from the concentration of masses of men in great cities is felt sympathetically in the most sparsely peopled and distant country places. During the civil war metropolitan journalism has every where been recognized as a living power.

But it is not enough that there should be free movement for thought; free movement for the people themselves is of equal importance. That is the true method for combating climate effects—preventing communities from falling into Asiatic torpor, and contracting senseless antipathies against each other. Had the Southern States for the last ten years been pervaded by an unceasing stream of Northern travel in every direction the civil war would not have occurred.

Experience shows that travel increases as its cost diminishes. Whatever, therefore, operates as a tax on locomotion is inconsistent with the highest principles of State policy. No community should be permitted to take advantage of the geographical position it may happen to occupy for the purpose of exacting a toll for its own profit. Such practices may suit an Arab sheik or other Asiatic chieftain, who levies a contribution on the passing caravan, but is altogether inadmissible in a modernized society. A community can not perpetrate this act without becoming politically debauched and demoralized. It is an offense against the highest public interests.

When the Railway system was first being developed in England measures were taken to give to the Government an eventual and thorough control over it. Already in that country it is agitated to consummate those measures by the State assuming the proprietorship of the roads, equalizing their rates of charge, and reducing those rates to a minimum. There can be no doubt that such a consummation would produce very powerful social effects. In its direction it would act in the same manner that the changes in the postal system have done, those social effects being all of an advantageous kind. But England, her comparatively restricted geographical extent being considered, is not pressed by those climate considerations that are of such paramount importance in America. Her reasons for action in the matter are therefore, it may be said, of a very subordinate kind compared with those that concern us. In America transportation at the lowest possible cost assumes the attitude of an affair of the highest state necessity.

In view of that state necessity all local and individual interests must be compelled to give way. How far in future years, when these problems are publicly better understood than at present, it may be found politically expedient to give to the general government a control, with the intention of carrying the principles here indicated into effect, it is needless at present to consider.

PATIENCE.

"What is long sought
Comes when unsought."

I LAUNCHED my bark upon the little bay,
And sailed out to the dark and lonely sea—
The sea that murmurs to itself all day,
And seemed, I thought, to murmur unto me:

"Come hither to my broad and heaving breast,
For I have treasures deep and manifold;
Inglorious seeker of the world's soft rest,
Come hither to my jewels and my gold!"

I sailed out to the dark and lonely sea,
And heard the tempest's melancholy wail;
The spirits of the shipwrecked passed by me,
And distant vessels quivered in the gale.

I found no treasure; but an empty wreck—
Sad wreck of the departed and the lost—
I placed the relics on my shattered deck,
And voyaged homeward sad and tempest-tost.

Long, long, I watched upon the sea-girt height,
And lower down I watched upon the sand;
Mine anxious eyes were busy day and night,
And yet my treasure never came to land.

At last mine eyes were lifted to the skies,
Forgetting hopes and longings once so sweet,
When lo! the tide rolled in with heavy sighs,
And laid the longed-for treasure at my feet.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

WOLVES AND BEARS.—The country people of the Low Pyrenees have the weakness of thatching their cottages with apparently twice as much straw as needs be; but the stratum is probably not too thick to keep out infiltrations of melting snow. Many, when they don't go barefooted, sport sandals, a remnant of old Roman costume. Hill pastures are shorn close, as in Switzerland, the hay in many cases being so fine as to necessitate its being gathered and tied up in sheets for transport home. The shepherds in the lowlands adopt a curious kind of sleeping-place. Not to leave their sheep to the attacks of wolves, they creep into a sort of coffin raised on sticks, and pass the night in an apartment of similar shape and material to that in which they will take their final sleep. Many speak only Béarnais, a language which no Christian stranger would dream of learning, although the natives are extremely proud of it. When they talk French they talk it "with a difference," pronouncing the final letters of many words which are usually allowed to drop unheard; for instance, Cauterets, trois, lait, préfet, tabac, and many more. As a trait of simple honesty, a traveler who slept at Gabas (a village near the foot of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau, and not very far from the frontier), went out for the day, leaving his port-monnaie, containing bank-notes and money, on his bedside table. On his return the people of the inn put it, untouched, where he had left it, with no more fuss or ostentation than if they had laid his night-cap in its proper place. Bears are in every body's mouth, and young bears are in some few people's households, in the course of training for street performance. Lately, the Préfet of Perpignan, out on an official tour, passed through a village where, his companion, an officer of gendarmery, recommended to his charity a poor woman, whose husband, an educator of bears, had been killed and all but devoured by a pupil, in one of those moments when instinct overpowers the strictest discipline. Families may be well regulated; nevertheless accidents will occur. "I have nothing," pleaded the woman, "absolutely nothing—not even a roof to shelter my head and the animal's!" "The animal's? What animal?" asked the astonished Préfet. "You don't mean the bear who ate your husband?" "Alas! Monsieur le Préfet, indeed I do. It's all the poor dear man left me to remember him by!"

A PRIME MINISTER'S WILL.—There is a certain testamentary paper, scarcely to be called a will, among the records of Doctors' Commons, which is emphatically "the last act" of a great drama played on the broad stage of the world by an actor whose memory, now fifty eventful years have rolled away, lives, and will live, in the memory of Englishmen. It is the will of William Pitt. Not a document prepared by an eminent firm, comprised in twenty sheets, deftly sealed and neatly bound together, and duly executed while the testator was in the heyday of fame and fortune, but a dozen slovenly lines written on a sheet of the coarse white paper then in vogue, interlined and undated, the final directions of a broken-spirited, penniless, dying man. A strange anomaly. Here was a man who had "swayed the rod of empire," telling his old friend, when he urged him to make a will, that it was of no use, he had nothing to leave. Never, before or since, died a Prime Minister so poor. The will, an exact copy of which, as far as it can be given in print, any one may read in Lord Stanhope's Memoirs, is in three little schedules, each signed W. Pitt. The handwriting is that of the Bishop of Lincoln; but it appears, from a sentence in weak, straggling characters, differing from the rest, commenced and abandoned, that the testator once attempted to write himself, but was compelled to resign the pen. Could this paper speak, what a touching tale it might unfold of that last scene at Putney! In forty-seven years Pitt's race was run; in thirty-six that of him whom Lord Macaulay designates "the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century;" but a world of emotion, excitement, and event their brief span in either case embraced! Such men, in truth, exhaust more life in one decade than the commoner clay in five.

THE *Union Bretonne* publishes the following anecdote, which our readers may please themselves about believing: "A quarrel took place about some trifle between Sir Edward K——, an English gentleman, very well known in Paris, and another sportsman, not less famous, the Baron R——. The seconds had in vain endeavored to reconcile them, and it was necessary to have recourse to arms; but as both the principals were first-rate shots and swordsmen, it was agreed that they should fight with—cigars. Two cigars, similar in every external respect, but one of them prepared in such a manner that it should explode and prove mortal to the smoker, were placed on the table. The combatants drew lots for the first choice. The novel weapons of war were then lighted, and after a few puffs an explosion took place and Sir Edward fell on his back. He, however, immediately got up and was surrounded by his seconds, while his adversary offered him his hand. 'Gentlemen,' said one of the seconds, 'you have both of you shown the greatest courage, since you were both of you ignorant of the effects of the explosion. M. H—— [the other second] and I agreed only to put a little gun-cotton in one of the cigars; and now let us to dinner. May such be the end of every duel!' The meeting is said to have taken place on the Belgian frontier."

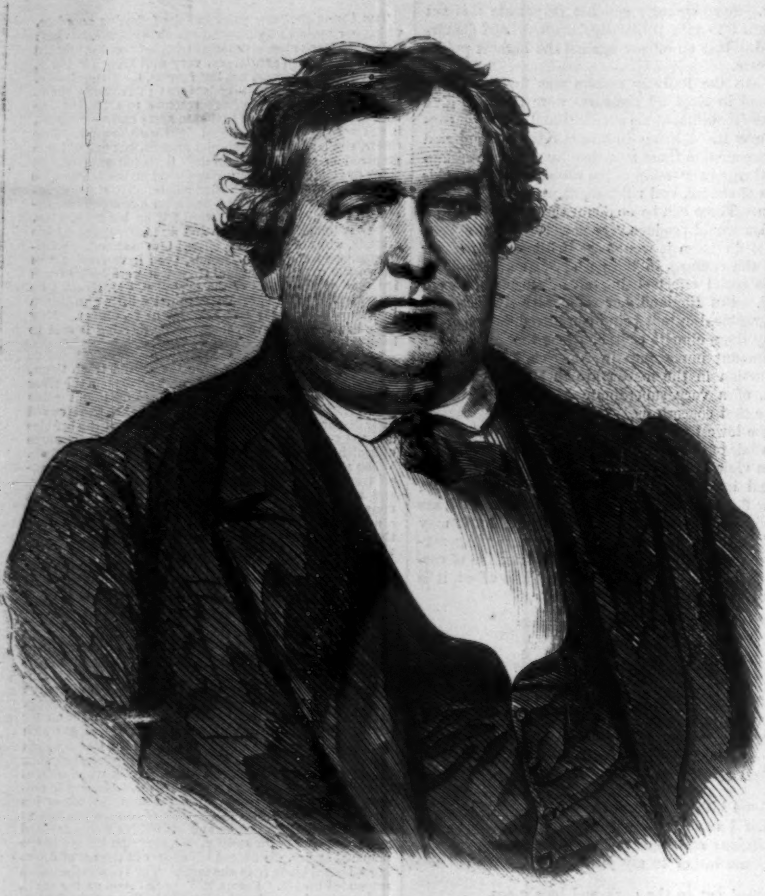
PARENTS who love their offspring should teach them, whether boys or girls, in early childhood to stem the river and buffet the briny wave. Let eggs and bright coins glitter for them at the bottom of the lake, and reward their diving feats. While they think only of the baubles and the sport, they will be gaining incalculable treasures of health and courage, of suppleness and strength of limb. When the storm bursts at sea they will be calm when others tremble, knowing that they have power over the water, and remembering that the surf is their playmate. Let none who can not swim suppose that their education is completed. They are the most pitiable of mortals when the question arises of getting to shore or joining their ship without a boat. The light-hearted sailor-boy, who shoots over the seething harbor-bar, will laugh their book-learning to scorn, as he coils round his waist the rope which his comrades have thrown out to save and welcome him on board.

ANDREA FERARA was a Spanish artist, and in the height of his celebrity had an apprentice, who was an excellent workman, and possessed a high spirit of emulation to perfect his skill in the service of so great a master; his ambition, however, was disappointed by a habitude of Andrea that, when the blades were in a certain stage of forging, he excluded the workmen, and locked the door of the *atélier* while he performed some unknown operation, after which he again admitted the assistants to finish the blades which were in progress. The apprentice was persuaded that this seclusion concealed some occult process which essentially affected the perfection of the arms. Anxious to possess this important secret, upon the first absence of his master he bored a hole in the door of the *atélier*, and at the next occasion when he and his fellows were excluded returned alone to the smithy, and, applying his eye to the prepared orifice, discovered his master in the act of drawing a heated blade from the forge. The lad watched with suspended breath. Ferara laid the red steel on the anvil, and, taking from a bench a small tin like a flour-dredge, rapidly covered the glowing metal with a coat of white powder, which he then hammered into the iron until it was cold, when he again returned it to the fire, and, having given the proper degree of heat, repeated the same operation of powdering and hammering on the other side of the blade. This process was performed in succession upon all the weapons then in progress, until the whole being completed, Ferara laid down his hammer and turned toward the door. The varlet perceived that the mystery was at an end, and, dreading to be surprised, abandoned his eyelet-hole and fled to his companions, with whom he was immediately recalled to continue their vocations.

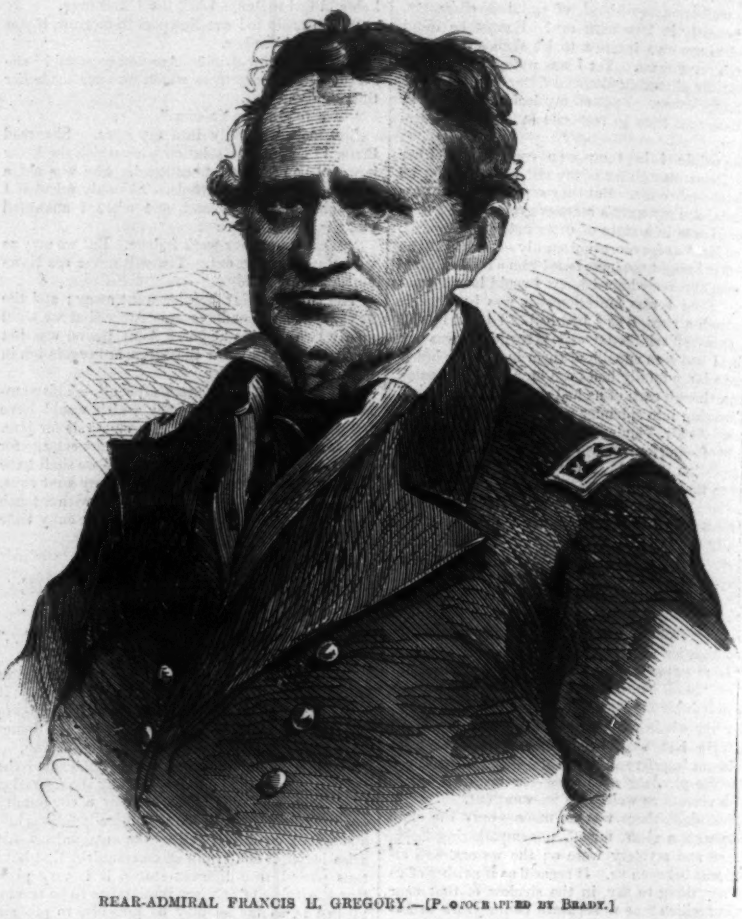
DEATH OF A PARISIAN NOTABILITY.—"The Armenian," so well known to all frequenters of the Bibliothèque at Paris, has died in that city, of a fit of apoplexy, at the estimated age of ninety years. His proper name was the Abbé Kasangian, and he first made his appearance in Europe when the French troops retired from Egypt in 1800. He was to be seen every day in the Bibliothèque, in a long robe with wide sleeves crossed in front, his head surmounted with a little green cap. Some years ago he was made the subject of a harmless practical joke. A young man was "got up" in exactly the style of the Abbé, and on a given morning entered the Bibliothèque, without attracting more than the attention usually given to the Armenian. He gravely deposited himself in the seat sacred to that individual, and was deep in the perusal of a large volume, when all present were astounded with the apparent second entrance of the venerable Abbé, who was himself as astonished as any one to see his own counterpart in his own seat, perusing, with his own huge spectacles, some of his favorite volumes. The intruder was got rid of by the attendants with as much gravity as they could muster, and the dethroned monarch was restored to his usurped throne.

SOCIAL SALAMANDERS.—Considering the amount of annoyance and misery which, in some shape or other, every body has to go through in his passage through life, it would obviously be a great thing if we could discover the secret of those most remarkable people who seem to pass through the fiery furnace of mortification or disgrace without suffering a pang. The man of ordinary sensibility may endure his troubles, great and small, with fortitude or resignation, but still they affect him in a very perceptible fashion. To have his name and his private affairs dragged before the public, or to be humiliated in society by the bad conduct of his relations, or to fail in his business, fills him with a vexation which he scarcely cares to conceal. But there are plenty of people who appear thoroughly impervious to all feelings of this sort. Like Shadrach and Meshach, they are protected by a mysterious force against the usual effects of the heated furnace. When they come out we can plainly see that on their bodies the fire has no power, nor is a hair of their head singed, nor are their coats changed, nor has the smell of fire passed on them. Instead of courting retirement, they seek as much society as they can get. Instead of covering up their humiliations or misconduct, they treat it all as something quite in the ordinary course of things, and ingeniously solace themselves by viewing their own deliberate folly or wickedness as naturally incidental to the common lot of mortal man. The advantages of possessing a temperament of this kind are too plain to need enumeration. Such a disposition is only one instance of the many beneficent provisions for tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. The young lady, for instance, who finds too late that men betray, and thinks the only art to soothe her melancholy is to bring an action for breach of promise, would, one might suppose, be the most miserable of women but for this exceptional gift of resisting all uncomfortable influences. Most young ladies would endure any amount of horrible suffering in another way rather than drag the faithless lover and their own lacerated feelings before a judge and jury. But of course we all know that there are beings in whose eyes scruples of this sort are only the mark of a very poor creature. They have not the slightest objection in the world to hear a middle-aged counsel read out the once prized love-letters amidst the roars of a crowded and convivially-minded court. They can sit by and—for form's sake shedding a sentimental tear or two under a veil—listen with complacency to evidence as to the number of kisses and squeezings of the hand which went on, and to prosaic narratives of the lover-like speeches which the defendant had been such a fool as to make, in the presence of a cloud of witnesses.

ADVICE TO TALKATIVE YOUNG LADIES.—Young girls, who have more vivacity than understanding, will often make a sprightly figure in conversation. But this agreeable talent for entertaining others is frequently dangerous to themselves; nor is it by any means to be desired or encouraged very early in life. Conversation should be the result of education, not the precursor of it.



HON. PRESTON KING.—[Photographed by Brady.]



REAR-ADMIRAL FRANCIS H. GREGORY.—[Photographed by Brady.]

PRESTON KING.

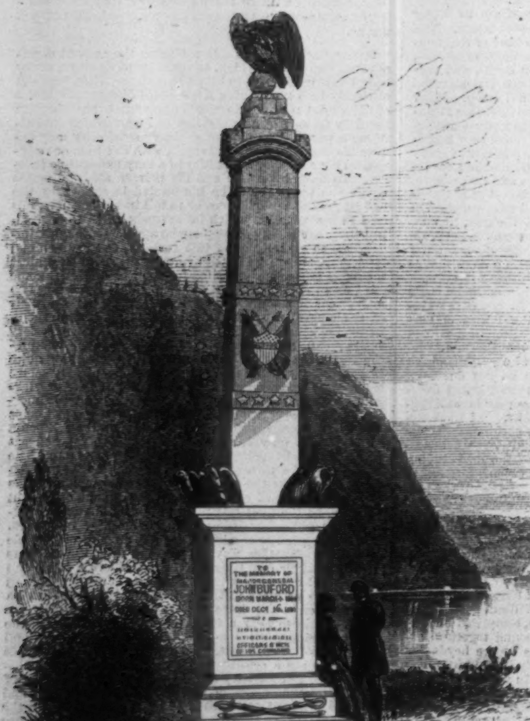
We give on this page a portrait of the Honorable **Preston King**, who from the 1st of September next will perform the duties of the Collector of the port of New York. **Preston King** holds to-day an important relation to the politics of this country. He has been nearly all his life engaged in politics. Born at Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence County, New York, October 4, 1806, he graduated at Union College, and devoted himself to the profession of the law. For several years he was a member of the New York Legislature; and from 1843 to 1847 he represented that State in Congress. Again, in 1849, he was elected to Congress from New York, holding his seat until 1853. He was afterward elected to the United States Senate, where he served on important committees. During the war Mr. **King**'s record was clear and unmistakable. He was chosen, with **Horace Greeley**, to represent the Union party in this State in the Electoral College which re-elected President **Lincoln**. Since the death of **Lincoln** he has been in constant companionship with President **Johnson**, and was held to be one of the most influential of his advisers

THE BUFORD MONUMENT.

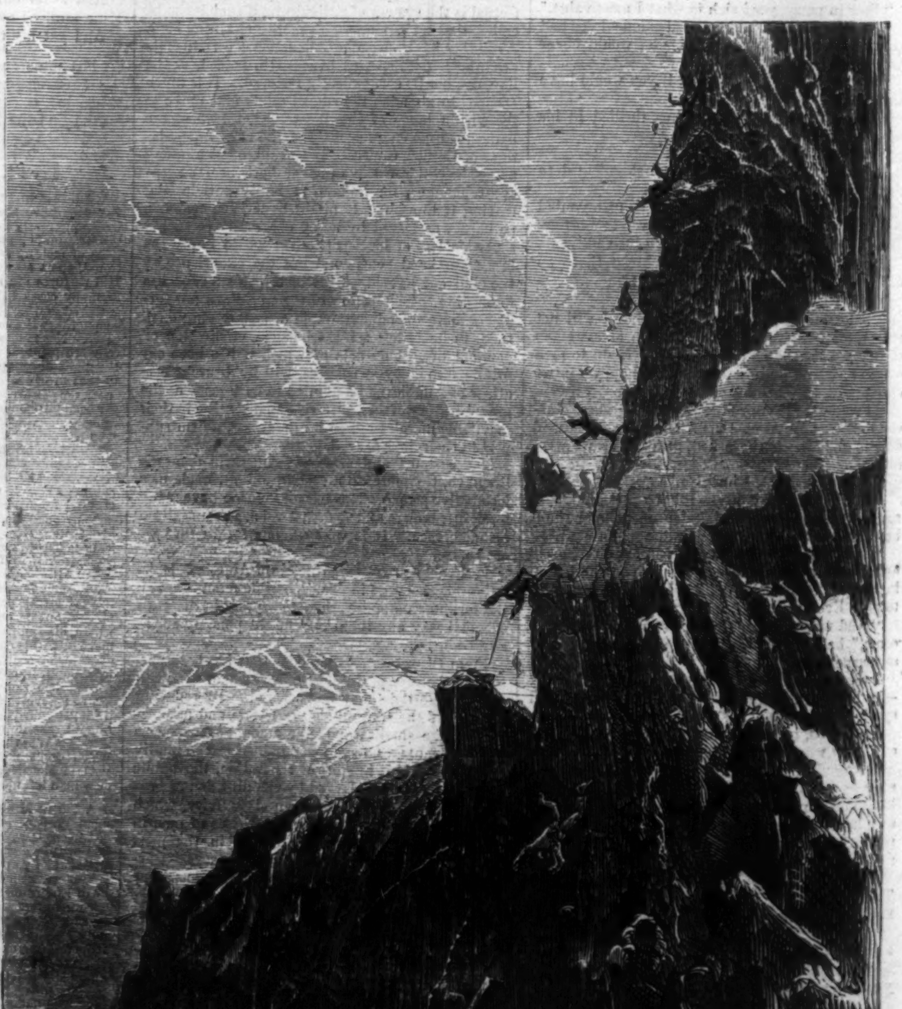
Among the many beautiful monuments at the West Point Cemetery is one recently erected to the memory of Major-General **John Buford**, the celebrated cavalry officer of the Army of the Potomac, who died December 16, 1863. The monument is 25 feet high above the ground. The lower base is of Maine granite, above which is the massive moulded marble base. On the front of this are sculptured two cavalry swords in bas-relief. The die is of one large solid block, upon which is the inscription.

The cup of the die is heavily moulded, and on the four corners are eagles. The shaft—a solid piece of marble—is ten feet high and two feet square. The monument was constructed by **Fisher & Bird**, of New York.

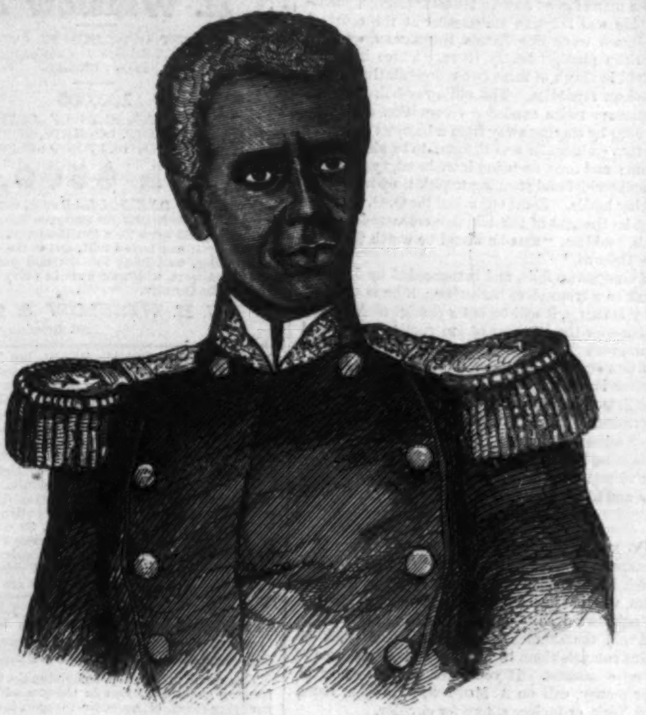
General **Buford** was at the time of his death the most promising of our cavalry officers. His skill was only equaled by his marvelous coolness. His horse was always at the point of peril: he never asked his men to go, but always called to them "Come on, boys!" He was kind as he was brave; he has been seen to shield his sleeping aid-de-camp by throwing over him his own cloak, while he himself walked about to keep off the chill of the night air. It is not wonderful that with these characteristics he was so ardently loved by his men, who have raised this monument as a token of their admiration.



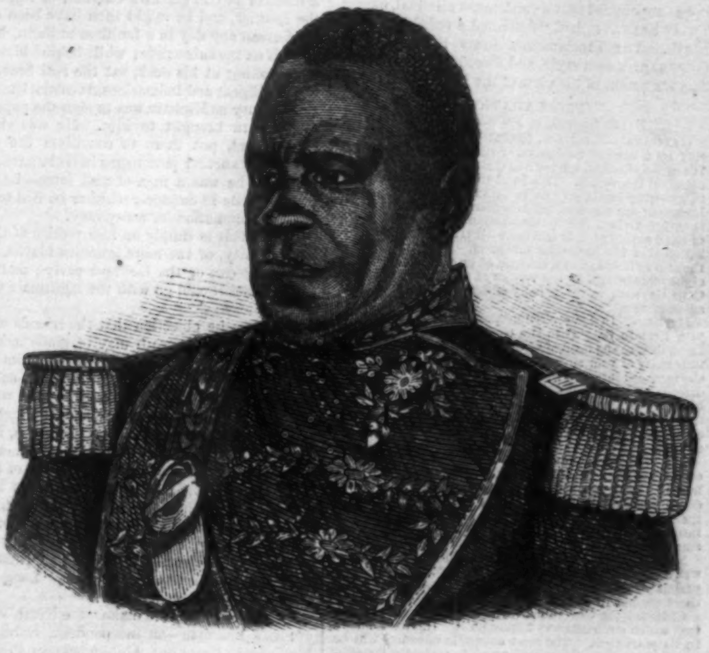
MONUMENT TO GENERAL BUFORD AT WEST POINT.



ACCIDENT ON MOUNT CERVIN, AMONG THE ITALIAN ALPS, July 14, 1865.



FABRE GEFFRARD, PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.



FRANCOIS JEAN JOSEPH, THE REBEL PRESIDENT.

THE CIVIL WAR IN HAYTI.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

HAYTI was the first country in the New World to imitate the example of the United States in throwing off all political allegiance to the Old World. It is following our example again. It has a Civil War. The North and South are arrayed against each other. But, in Hayti, it is the North that is in revolt; while the South talks of "loyalty," and "union," and "sustaining the Government."

The accounts that have reached us have been vague and contradictory. But I have before me a file of the *Opinion Nationale* of Port-au-Prince, from which the Government version of the rebellion can be readily enough gleaned. It does not flatter the armed Opposition. It does not recognize them as patriots. It publishes none of the multitudinous manifestoes which undoubtedly have been issued at the head-quarters of "the enemy." It characterizes the leader of the rebellion, or one of them, as an assassin.

FABRE GEFFRARD, the President of Hayti, is a man of fine parts: an eloquent orator, a statesman fully alive to the needs of his people, a friend of progress, humane, affable, polished, and tolerably well cultivated. He was the man of all others to succeed the ignorant and brutal barbarian SOULOUQUE. It was necessary, in order that the castes of Hayti should be united, that a mulatto, with such qualifications, should appear as ruler, to soften, if not obliterate, their mutual prejudices. For the blacks and mulattoes in Hayti have been at enmity from time immemorial. It began before slavery disappeared. The mulattoes were free, wealthy, and slaveholders. Their fathers flung treasures at them, but kept them at arm's-length. They left them estates, but would not suffer them to dine with them. They sent them to Paris to be educated, but ostracized them. This prejudice created that extraordinary feeling in the breasts of the mulattoes which caused HUMBOLDT to say that they hated their father and despised their mother.

The French Revolution developed these sentiments into martial action; for the educated mulattoes demanded the political rights *for themselves* which the National Assembly proclaimed. The St. Domingo planters showed precisely the same spirit which is manifested in South Carolina today. They resolutely declared that they would never share their privileges with "an inferior and bastard race." This coarse answer enraged the sensitive mulattoes, who had acted thus far precisely as our Republican party acted at the beginning of our own civil war—they had never asked any right for the slave, and resented the accusation that they desired to interfere with "the domestic institution." But the logic of events, there as here, quickly called the blacks to arms; and the rebellion was promptly suppressed, at the price of the abolition of slavery. SOUTHONAX, the French Commissioner, has the sublime honor of being the first man in history to conceive and execute the idea of immediate emancipation.

It would take too much of your space to tell how, during the Revolutionary War and after, the whites disappeared, and the jealousy between the blacks and the mulattoes rapidly developed itself and brought on most disastrous conflicts. It is enough to say that it was suppressed only during the vigorous administration of TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE and the brief and bloody reign of the Emperor DESSALINES; but burst out again with fresh fury in 1806, when the founder of Haytian nationality fell dead beneath the dagger of a band of assassins—one of them the grandfather of President GEFFRARD. He had become a very cruel and remorseless despot.

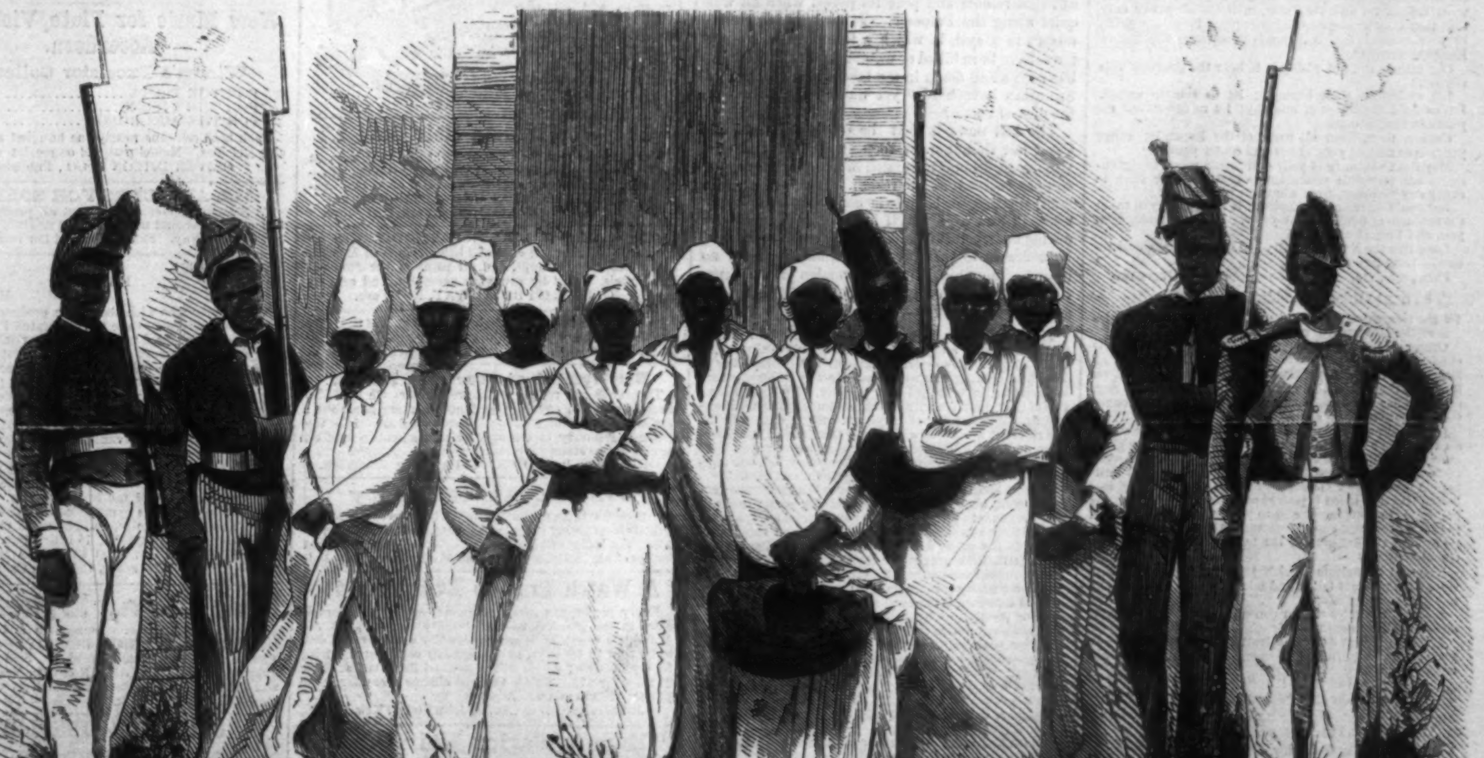
At his death CHRISTOPHE, a black, became King of the North, and PETION, a mulatto, President of the South. CHRISTOPHE was the PETER THE GREAT of Hayti—a wonderful man, but a rigorous tyrant. PETION was more like our MADISON—better calculated for an era of good feeling than sturdier times. This territorial division existed until the death of PETION and the suicide of CHRISTOPHE, in 1820, when not the North only, but the Spanish part also, were united under President BOYER, who held sway for twenty-five years. He was a mulatto, and favored his caste. After four Presidencies of one year each SOULOUQUE succeeded to the supreme power, and established a black man's Government, but, unfortunately, he represented the barbarism rather than the good qualities of the negro. He was overthrown on the 22d of December, 1858, by President GEFFRARD.

GEFFRARD set to work in the right spirit to reform all abuses. He reduced the army and reorganized it; he encouraged education, and established, for the first time, a school for girls; he applied to the Pope for *decent* priests, who would have been a very great novelty in Hayti; he tried to remodel the courts and to reform the Executive; he urged the sanctity of marriage to the country folks; he did his best to abolish the prejudices of the two great classes of his countrymen, and to invite a large emigration. He did a great deal of good. But he lacked firmness—he did not *dare*; he was a gentle conciliator—not an unyielding reformer; he had infinite faith in persuasion when audacity was wanted. Long ago—in 1859—I predicted that his work would be accomplished in a few years, and that the situation would demand as his successor a bold black man, inspired with the spirit of progress, to drive the country ahead. That reformer must be a pure negro, because he alone could command the confidence of the blacks, who would not tolerate the same rigorous rule from a mulatto that they would applaud in one of their own color.

There have been several attempts to overthrow GEFFRARD, most of them from the Soulouque faction—the barbarous element. But there was one effort to inaugurate a revolution originated by the enlightened class; and when it was recorded that Mr. DUVAL and Mr. ANDRÉ GERMAINE had been imprisoned as conspirators I believed what I had only feared before, that the love of office and the poisonous lips of flatterers had made the good GEFFRARD false to his great mission.

I read now that GEFFRARD has released ANDRÉ GERMAINE; but I hear also that the Revolutionists are gaining ground. If HORACE GREELEY or Mr. SUMNER had been imprisoned for conspiracy, and released only when a revolution was rapidly increasing in strength, we would rejoice at the fact, but we would hardly thank the Government. The celebrated sentence would leap to the lips of the hearer: *"C'est trop tard!"*

On the 10th of May last the President of Hayti



VOTARIES OF THE GOD VAUDOUX (SNAKE-WORSHIPERS), EXECUTED FOR THE CRIME OF CANNIBALISM AT HAYTI.—[SEE PAGE 548.]

issued an Order of the Day, two Decrees (*Arrêtés*), and a Proclamation to the People—in all of which it was announced that a condemned criminal, named Turin Salnave, had "fomented a sedition" in the North. The Proclamation bears the marks of Geffrard's own style, and therefore I translate it, as a statement of his view of the insurrection:

PROCLAMATION.

Fabre Geffrard, *President of Hayti.*

Haytians!—A sedition, fomented on Dominican territory by a band of foreigners, seized, by surprise, on the 7th of May instant, the town of Ouanaminthe, whose commandant it arrested. This band threatens to invade the neighboring localities, and to throw them into anarchy. Its means are menaces and fallacious promises; its object is easy to divine: it is the satisfaction of odious ambitions, of blind cupidity; it is still more—it is the idea of a Separation that the insensates dream of. Their chief: it is the said Turin Salnave, condemned by contumacy, hardly eight months ago, by the verdict of the Court Martial at Cape Haytien, to the penalty of death for rebellion and assassination.

Haytians! In these circumstances I need only say to you, Remain faithful to the Government of the 22d of December, to the head of which I have been called by the unanimity of your suffrages. I call you to the defense of the menaced integrity of your territory: I call you to the defense of your Republican institutions; I call you, in brief, to join your efforts in order, at any cost, to maintain this Union which was the strength of your fathers, and on which depend our future, our independence, our nationality!

The evils and the bitter trials which have been imposed on the inhabitants of the Eastern Part, are not they a lesson? Will you not profit by them? Will you abandon the flag of the Union, the flag under which your fathers fought, to run the risks and chances of an unknown future, under the guidance of a man condemned for assassination?

No! You will not hesitate; you will not sacrifice the welfare and the destinies of your country; you will never permit yourselves to be led into a path at the end of which there are but ruins and disasters.

Citizens! the Government will not fail under the new task which circumstances impose on it. Have confidence in its patriotism. The most energetic measures will be taken to crush out the rebellion and to maintain the public tranquillity.

Soldiers! your fidelity and your loyalty are known to me; these sentiments, I am certain of it, will be as great as the peril which menaces the country.

Citizens and Soldiers! let us express the unanimity of our sentiments by these sole watchwords:

Long live the Republic, one and indivisible!
Long live the Constitution!

Done at the National Palace, at Port-au-Prince, May 10, 1865, the sixty-second year of Independence.

Geffrard.

The Order of the Day decreed that any armed Dominican found on Haytian territory should be regarded as a foreign enemy and shot. The Decrees outlawed Salnave and every individual who should aid him, directly or indirectly; and authorized any citizen to "*à lui courir sus!*" which means, in homely English, to bell the cat. They further put the Department of the North under martial law.

On the 15th and 17th of May Geffrard issued two additional Orders of the Day, which are so characteristic of Haytian military or revolutionary literature that I will give them, also, without abridgment:

Fabre Geffrard, President of Hayti.

To the National Guards of the Republic:

National Guards! The National unity is menaced! The Union of the children of Hayti is broken! The country is in danger! A handful of factionists banded together at Cape Haytien, under the leadership of the perfidious and treacherous General, François Jean Joseph [*see Portrait*], and of Turin Salnave, the assassin of General Phillippeau, have raised the flag of civil war, have declared that the Northern People SEPARATE THEMSELVES from the legitimate Government of the Republic!

The insurrection is concentrated in the North: Gonaives, St. Mark, and the populations of the Artibonite remain faithful to the National flag.

I call you to rally to sustain the army for the defense of that which you hold dearest—the unity of our territory, our independence, and our nationality!

Do not suffer this handful of rebels to impose on you anew the despotism of a king or of an emperor! for the rebels of the Cape have already effaced from our device the word Equality, and they are ambitious of power only that they may impose on you involuntary labor, and profit by your sweat to enrich themselves, as under the rule of King Christophe.

Our fathers did not wish you to bear the shame of this *régime.*

Let us imitate their example; let us remain united. Let us fight the hydra of anarchy; let us defend our republican institutions!

Gather, then, from all parts of the Republic; range yourselves around your chiefs and under your flag.

May the unanimity of your sentiments prove to our enemies our energetic resolution to perish rather than to suffer any dishonor, from whatever part it come!

National Guards of the Capital! it belongs to you to set the example of fidelity and loyalty. I have confidence in you, and I count upon you.

Long live the National Unity!—Long live the Constitution!—Long live Liberty!

Done, etc., etc. Geffrard.

The next Order was addressed

To the General Officers and to the Officers of all grades of the Department of the North:

Officers! I, Fabre Geffrard, President of Hayti, the chief whom you spontaneously acclaimed on the 22d of December, to whom you swore fidelity and devotion, on honor, in the face of God and of the glorious National flag, and who has never had but one thought—how to advance your welfare and the country's.

In this supreme moment, in which the country makes an appeal to all its children to preserve it from the great evils with which a handful of traitors, of ambitious men, of factionists threaten it—before the blood shed at Puilboreau cries out for vengeance against those who shed it—before Haytian blood is poured out anew, I appeal, *for the last time*, to your honor and to your oaths. I adjure you to return, to range yourselves under the flag of the Republic around the delegate of the legitimate Government at Gonaives.

You will be welcomed with joy there, and as brothers who, for a moment fallen and misled, return to reason and to honor.

Listen to the voice of your conscience, the voice of honor, and of fidelity to oaths.

Listen! Throw down the fratricidal arms that are in your hands, and draw your swords for the defense of the country, shouting

"Long live the Union!
"Long live the Republic, one and indivisible!"

Geffrard.

Whatever the pretenses of the rebels may be, the name of their new leader, François Jean Joseph, and the omission of the word Equality from the National device, stamps the "secessionist movement" (as the *Opinion Nationale* terms it) as a revolt of barbarism against civilization. I send you a portrait of Joseph, which he presented to me a few years ago, as a token of his regard for my "sentimens philanthropiques!" He was a General at Cape Haytien under the Emperor Soulouque, and was the first to declare in favor of Geffrard. He is a pure black—a man of great brutal force, of barbarous energy; and all his instincts are antagonistic to liberal ideas and a high civilization. He was made a member of Geffrard's Cabinet, as Minister of the Interior, and he might then have been seen at his Bureau any day in a faultless uniform, basking himself on the balustrade; while behind him, in the room, toiling at his desk, sat the real Secretary—the intelligent and industrious Auguste Elie. Joseph's duty as Minister was to sign the papers that Mons. Elie brought to him. He was simply a figure-head, put there to conciliate the blacks. There was another pure negro in Geffrard's Cabinet, but he was a man of real force—Lamothe, now an exile in Jamaica, whither he fled to escape from condemnation for conspiracy.

This revolt is simply an insurrection of the Soulouque party, of the more ignorant blacks, against the mulattoes, or the Geffrard party; and all our good wishes should go with the legitimate Government.

Perhaps the objection that the friends of Hayti have against Geffrard may be made more intelligible by saying that they regard him as the M'Clellan of Hayti, while the times call aloud for a Grant. The country needs a man who shall push on and hold on, and dare and dare and always dare; while Geffrard, it has been seen, has contented himself with fine rhetoric and timorous advances against the spiritual Richmond of his people. He lacks audacity. But as between M'Clellan and Major Turner, of the Libby Prison, no Northern man would have hesitated a moment, so as between Geffrard and François Jean Joseph and his horde of semi-barbarians we "shout," with "the order of the day" just quoted, "Long live the Republic, one and indivisible!"

Joseph's design is to make "the North"—Christophe's kingdom—an independent, retrogressive, black South Carolina; while what the Progressive party of Hayti seek is to unite the whole island under one intelligent Government.

It is thus expressed by M. Heurtelon, the Wendell Phillips of the Negro Republic:

> We are in the midst of events which sadly afflict all patriotic hearts—all those who are interested in the future, the prosperity, the fair fame of our nationality. Instead of employing our forces, our energy, all the means in our power, to effect the interior improvements which our society need, lo! by an aberration of mind hard to understand, hard to excuse, forgetting the holy ties of fraternity which unite all the children of Hayti, we are ready to run against each other, we are preparing to rush at each other. What do I say? We go to fight between ourselves? The strife has commenced! Blood has flowed......Brothers of the North!....your dearest interests, the interests of the country, the interests of our race, demand that we shall remain strictly united. All divisions among ourselves will but enfeeble and finally compromise our nationality. Our country, already small in territory, not sufficiently peopled, in order to maintain unity ought not to draw back from any sacrifice. The Republic must remain one and indivisible. To the end that liberal and progressive ideas may receive among us a complete development, and enable us to assure the prosperity of our Republic, to shed afar off the light of our civilization, it is of the first necessity that we put a stop to conspiracies and revolutions. Successive revolutions have never, in any country, been favorable to a good fructification of liberal ideas. The final consequence of repeated revolutions has always been to obliterate the moral sense of the people, and to leave them, feeble, brutalized, to Despotism, to Tyranny......In the actual state of the Republic, we say, in all sincerity, that the duty of all good citizens, to whatever party they belong, is to gather around the Chief of the State and avert, as quickly as possible, the secessionist movement which is manifested in the Department of the North. The political Ideal which we pursue, it is not, certainly, Separation, Division, but rather the Union of the entire island by the progress accomplished, by the guarantees of continued prosperity, of peace, of security of all kinds which we may be able to offer to our brethren in the East.

I had intended to give a record of the rebellion in Hayti, but I find that it would read, after our Titanic strife, as a caricature, or but needlessly recall that remote and peaceful period when all was quiet along the Potomac. There have been skirmishes in Hayti, in which a few persons—a very few—have been killed or wounded; but why chronicle such small deeds in the land where Grant and Sherman have hardly yet washed themselves of the dust of battle?

The last news is that the rebels still hold the Cape, but that it must soon surrender; and that Geffrard has been worsted in every engagement, and has been advised to resign. That is to say, the latest intelligence is quite as contradictory as every thing in and from Hayti is and has always been during my recollection. The official news, of course, is favorable to the Government, and we have no means of obtaining the rebel version of the situation. But a private letter contains this intelligence:

> The government troops have been worsted in almost every encounter, and are rapidly deserting to the insurgents. Salnave, who commands the rebel army, was in Dominica fighting against Spain. He was under sentence of death in Hayti for political offenses. He took possession of Cape Haytien with about five hundred Dominicans and an equal number of Haytians. Since that time he has received upward of a thousand Dominicans more, and large numbers of Haytians. Geffrard's best troops have been badly whipped, and a great many deserted, one regiment having gone over in a body, officers and men.
>
> A short time ago Salnave discovered a traitorous general among his officers, who was holding correspondence with Geffrard, and had laid a plot to retake Cape Haytien. Salnave allowed him with his men to advance nearly to the gates, and then opening an enfilading fire upon them with grape and canister, nearly annihilated him, wounded the general, who ran away, and cut his aid and horse nearly into mince-meat.
>
> I am informed Geffrard has been advised to leave as soon as possible, as his troops are not to be relied upon, the common soldiers caring little who is President so that they get their pay. Salnave pays his soldiers twenty-five gourdes a month, and eight gourdes a day for subsistence. Geffrard pays four gourdes a month, and four gourdes a day for rations; and a gourde is only worth about seven American cents. The result is easily seen. Foreigners have never yet been injured in Haytian revolutions.
>
> Damier, the present Minister of Public Instruction, will probably be elected by the Senate as President, should Salnave succeed. Under the new order of things greater privileges are promised to whites, a treaty of commerce will be made with Dominica, and improvements receive liberal encouragement.

This letter was dated Port-au-Prince, June 26, and my file of newspapers of the same date contains no official war bulletin. It is possible, therefore, that Geffrard may be compelled to abdicate.

Damier, the successor indicated, is a pure black. He is not a man of remarkable energy, but I think he is a man of good heart. He talks English fluently. He was Haytian embassador at the court of St. James when one James Buchanan was the American plenipotentiary there. Three incidents are told in Hayti of these two representatives of the American republics. The old gray-haired public functionary twice evaded a recognition of equality—once by staying away from a banquet when the Haytian embassador was ticketed to be placed next to him; and once, on being introduced, by dropping a handkerchief and stooping to pick it up instead of shaking hands. Some one asked the O. G. H. P. F. what he thought of the Haytian embassador. "I think," said he, "that he would be worth $1500 in New Orleans."

If Geffrard falls, and is succeeded by Joseph, it will be a triumph of barbarism; if he is succeeded by Damier, it will be but a change of Administration—for the Minister of Instruction is a friend of progress. But if no change occurs, let us hope that Geffrard will learn these lessons from the insurrection: That barbarism is not a thing to be conciliated or bribed, but to be crushed under and exterminated; and that, whatever flattering lips in the National Palace of Port-au-Prince may say, there is no lasting renown to be gained by benevolent views and able rhetoric merely, but only by a wise and iron-willed and fearless statesmanship.

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